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THE AUSTRIAN ULTIMATUM. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
The peace rumors have had, it appears, some foundation in the fact of an ultimatum having been sent to Russia by the Vienna cabinet. The precise character of this document is as yet a matter of uncertainty, although one or two of the London papers, which pretend to be well informed, give us versions of it. The London Morning Post has a most extraordinary statement on the subject, which has obtained currency from the fact, that that journal has a semi-official character, being generally recognised as Lord Pal-

merston's personal organ. Mr. Borthwick, its principal editor, is the son of a lady of whom the gay Premier was in his young days a warm admirer, and he is known to stand high in the noble viscount's confidence. In this way, statements of important facts appear from time to time in the Post which can only be derived from an official source. The description of the Austrian Ultimatum given by that paper, extravagant though it appears, may therefore not be altogether wide of the mark. Should it turn out to be correct, it will place the conduct of the Vienna cabinet in a

still more equivocal light than even that in which its previous acts had entitled us to view it.

The conditions of this document, as set forth by our London contemporary, are, as nearly as we can gather them, these:—Instead of the old stipulation, that only a certain number of Russian vessels of war were to be permitted in the Black Sea, the ultimatum insists that the whole of her military marine is to be excluded from its waters, and that all her fortresses on its coasts are to be dismantled. To these hard terms is added the humiliating



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proviso, that foreign consuls are to be stationed at all her ports in the Euxine, for the purpose of certifying to the purely commercial character of all Russian vessels that may enter or leave them. These articles not only go to the reduction of the naval power of Russia in this quarter, but they extinguish it altogether—which is more than was sought to be exacted by the Four points, which Russia rejected solely on account of that qualified stipulation. The ultimatum next demands the renunciation of all pretensions to interference on the part of the Czar with the Sultan's right of sovereignty over his own subjects, as well as of his claim of protectorate over the Danubian principalities and the cession of a portion of Bessarabia, including the mouth of the Danube. Of the other conditions imposed we have nothing definite stated, except that they aim at also crippling the maritime power of Russia in the Baltic.

What the object of the Vienna cabinet can be in framing such ridiculous propositions as these, it is difficult to conceive. It can never have seriously entertained the idea that Russia would give her consent to them. No Persian Satrap ever dictated more degrading terms to a conquered province than are imposed by this singular document. A nation like Russia must indeed be reduced to the last degree of exhaustion, and be bereft of the last remnant of its energies to listen to them for a moment. Better far for its people to be driven back to the forests and steppes from whence they came, and to relapse into their original state of barbarian independence, than to submit to be excluded thus from the navigation of their own waters and the exercise of such rights as unquestionably belong to them. Of all this, Austria must be well aware; and in making this vain show of intervention, it is to be presumed that she is only consulting some present interests of her own or of her old ally. The statement that she intends to withdraw her ambassador from St. Petersburg in case her propositions are rejected does not impart greater seriousness to her present proceeding. It will only be a fitting climax to the farce with which she has been so long amusing the world. Such a demonstration will not prove that she is any more in earnest now than she was when she took it in hand on a former occasion to make the Czar listen to reason. All the world knows the perfectly good understanding which reigns in secret between the Vienna and St. Petersburg cabinets, and we may therefore conclude that this fresh diplomatic move of the former has some concealed purpose intended to benefit the interests of Russia.

This is the only satisfactory and logical deduction that can be drawn from facts, which, assuming them on the authority of the Post to be correct, are, we will venture to say, without precedent in the history of political negotiations. Austria taking the initiative and laying down terms which she knows will never be acceded to, cannot be acting from any sincere desire to put an end to the present state of things. Russia, conniving at, and in all probability instigating this proceeding, has unquestionably some important present object to gain. What that is, is a question not easily to be solved, for the ways of Russian diplomacy are deep, and the conduct of Austrian diplomatists unscrupulous. The most probable supposition that occurs to us is, that the Czar wishing to bring some powerful external influence to bear on the discontentment and dissatisfaction which the protraction of the war is said to have created in his empire, has resorted to this manœuvre to show his people that there are no means of backing out of it, and that they must boldly face its consequences. Nothing could be better calculated to revive the drooping spirits of the Russian population, and to nerve them to a desperate and long prolonged struggle, than the dictation of such haughty and insolent terms as those laid down in the Austrian ultimatum. Universal misery, ruin, nay, death itself, would be preferable to the degradation and disgrace which their acceptance would inflict. In view of the financial difficulties which are crowding upon him and which alone can cripple his immense military resources, Alexander calculates, and calculates wisely, that no appeal to the patriotism of the moneyed interests of his empire can be so effective as that implied in the Austrian interpretation of the views and intentions of the allies. It will stir up the very heart's-blood of his people, loosen their purse-strings, and rally the disaffected and indifferent, as well as the true sons of the soil, in the defence of their national honor and independence.

What there is in all this to justify the hopes of peace expressed by the English and French journals, we confess we are unable to see. The more the allies exaggerate their demands, the less chance there is, according to our view, of the proximate adjustment of the questions at issue.

GRAND TABLEAU AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

EVERY political party of whatever shade or name, vied with each other on the 8th of January, to do honor to the memory of the "Hero of New Orleans." The celebration at the Academy of Music by the National American Club, afforded us an opportunity of giving a magnificent picture, and we believe the successful manner our artist has treated the subject, will be appreciated by our numerous readers. The parquette was boarded over, forming a complete level with the stage, and thus converting the theatre into one of the most immense and magnificent ball-rooms in the world. After the set oration of the occasion, which was delivered before "the drop," the curtain slowly rose and presented a tableau well calculated to stir the heart with emotion. Before the audience stood in a semi-circular group thirty-two beautiful young ladies, of the New York Harmonic and Mendelssohn Societies, representing the States, each one dressed in classic drapery, and wearing over the shoulder a broad blue ribbon, covered with glistening stars. The back ground was appropriately filled up with two companies of Continentals in full uniform, still farther in the distance, a view of West Point, the whole inclosed in a large tent. After a moment's silence Miss Cornelia Dingley, representing the Goddess of Liberty, stepped a few paces forward of the centre "of the semi-circle of States" and sung the solo to an ode, entitled "Our Union," written by Augustin Duganne, the chorus by the young ladies, the accompanying music by Shelton's Band. The singing was received with enthusiasm, and was properly honored with an encore. At the appointed signal, the vast floor was filled with gay throngs, soon occupied in the fascination of the dance. The varied features presented called forth repeated expressions of admiration from delighted spectators in the boxes. The feature most observable in the mass, was the "representatives of the States," their loose flowing dresses, many white, and eminently graceful, forming fine contrasts with the more pretentious but less attractive costumes.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, December 22.

The mission of Count Esterhazy to St. Petersburg forms at present the all-engrossing topic of discussion in political circles. Few see in it, however, any practical results. The object of Austria in taking the initiative in proceedings which can only have the effect of exasperating the Russian mind and confirming it in its obstinacy is rightly enough ascribed to some motive originating with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg itself. Austria would never have taken such a step *proprio motu*, and certainly its course in reference to the Allies excludes all idea of the new propositions emanating from the latter. That its conditions would suit their views if they could get Russia to swallow them is evident enough. But it is clear that in suggesting terms which can never be accepted as long as Russia can keep a man in the field, Austria is with her characteristic duplicity again duping England and France with a show of sincerity which she does not feel, and at the same time playing the game of Russia herself. I need not say that no person here of the least political intelligence is deceived into the belief that anything will come out of these fresh attempts at negotiation.

The ratification of the treaty with Sweden has given great satisfaction in England. Here it is regarded as but of little importance. It is curious how the object of this negotiation has been misunderstood. It was thought by most people that it was simply intended to strengthen the moral influence of the alliance. From the statements of the London Times it appears that its purpose was to relieve the English government from the apprehension of a great and pressing danger. It seems that while the White Sea and the coasts of that district of Lapland which belongs to Russia are encumbered with ice before mid-autumn, that portion of Norway which is within the Polar circle is by a curious caprice of nature, free from it during the whole year. It happens, therefore, that while Archangel is locked up for eight months of the year in thick ribbed ice, and the ports of the sea of Okotsk are for the same period inaccessible, the town of Hammerfest, situated within the Polar Circle, has an open harbor all the year round, and the inhabitants, instead of yielding to the lazy influence of an Arctic winter, employ the long night in fishing and hunting. The harbors of this region are of immense extent, and it has long been a favorite object with Russia to obtain a cession of the Bay of Varanger, the outlets of which are only fifty miles from the present Russian boundary, where she intended to create a naval station from whence she might overawe her Scandinavian neighbors and menace the shores of Western Europe. The treaty just concluded puts an end to this project, inasmuch as it binds the king of Sweden not to cede any portion of his territory to Russia, and in return guarantees him against aggression upon her part.

The fall of Kars is curiously enough regarded as an additional chance in favor of peace. It is thought that now that Russia has gained a brilliant success, she can better afford to come to terms. I own that I cannot share in this conclusion. I believe that the advantage just obtained was all that was required to revive the drooping confidence of the Russian people, and that the success of their arms in Asia would in their eyes be considered an equivalent for the reverses they have sustained in the Crimea. However this may be, it is certain that unless measures are taken at once to send strong reinforcements to Omar Pasha, that general will be placed in a critical position. A few more such Russian victories would completely cut up the Turkish army.

The Royal Mail steamship Canada, Capt. Stone, from Liverpool, at ten o'clock A. M., on Saturday the 22nd ult., arrived at Halifax on Tuesday the 8th inst. From the intelligence she brings, we learn that the negotiations for peace continue without any proximate result. It is affirmed the suggestions recently made by the Austrian cabinet, as a basis for pacific negotiations, were transmitted to Paris, and thence to London. After considerable correspondence, they were returned to Vienna, with alterations by England and France, greatly to the mortification of the Austrian cabinet. This gave rise to further correspondence, which resulted in Austria agreeing to append her name jointly to the modified proposals. The proposition thus amended was, on Sunday, Dec. 16th, sent from Vienna, in charge of Count Esterhazy, to St. Petersburg. The contents of this ultimatum are kept profoundly secret. If the Czar refuses his compliance, France and England threaten to continue the war, and Austria to cease diplomatic intercourse, and afterward to be governed by the course of events. Simultaneously with the transmission of peace proposals to Russia, the Paris *Moniteur* publishes the treaty entered into between the Allies and Sweden, guaranteeing the existing limits of Sweden against Russian aggression. As Russia does not at present threaten Sweden, this ill-timed treaty may be viewed by Russia as an intentional insult and a cause for the rejection of the peace proposals. The English government is said to have demanded an explanation from the Court of Vienna as to the intention of Austria in reducing the Austrian army. The Army Board of that country is selling no fewer than seventy thousand horses. The present position of affairs may be thus expressed:—France is less peaceful and England less warlike than they seem. The London Daily News says a majority of the French Cabinet think Austria will accept the terms proposed, and a majority of the English Ministry think otherwise.

In Great Britain, attention is entirely occupied in discussing the probabilities of peace. It is remarkable that the general public speaks more in favor of carrying on the war than at any previous period. The Queen has sent a jeweled decoration to Miss Nightingale. Heavy gales had prevailed during the week, and numerous casualties were reported on the British coast, but no American ships are known to be damaged. The Spanish brig Bravo, from Barcelona for Havana, was wrecked on the night of the 10th inst., off Gibraltar. Forty-five passengers were drowned, including seven ladies.

A treaty of amity and commerce between France and Persia is concluded, and an envoy has left Paris to exchange ratifications. Gen. Canrobert will be named Marshal of France.

Denmark has requested the governments interested to adjourn the conference on the Sound Dues. A Copenhagen letter says that only two States have as yet pronounced in favor of Denmark's views, namely: Russia and Mecklenburg. The Russian Finance Minister some time since stated that he could not concede the large sum required to capitulate, and therefore preferred remaining as they are. Lord Clarendon has announced that if the United States ships pass without tolls, British ships will pass also. The trial of the ex-Ministers had been postponed till Jan. 12.

A hurricane had occurred in the Crimea. The Tchernaya River had overflowed its banks, doing considerable damage. There is nothing later than Gen. Codrington's dispatch of the 4th, saying that the Russians continued to fire heavily from the north side without doing much damage. The ground was covered with snow. The proposition is determined upon to open savings banks in the British army.

There are few additional particulars concerning the surrender of Kars, which took place on the 23rd of November. On November 14, Gen. Moravieff summoned the garrison to surrender. Gen. Williams held a council of war on the 15th, and after the council the garrison sent a flag of truce, asking ten days suspension of hostilities, and permission to send a courier to Kzeroum. Gen. Moravieff offered to grant an honorable capitulation, and allowed an English captain (Thomson) to go to Kzeroum. Thomson returned from Kzeroum and reached Kars on the 22nd. Gen. Williams then demanded an interview with Moravieff for the 24th. By this time the garrison had no food except some horse-flesh for the sick in the hospitals. Our intelligence proceeds no further, and we have no details of the surrender.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

We copy the following statements from the Washington *National Intelligencer*. We need scarcely caution our readers against attaching too much credit to them. They emanate in all probability from Senor Marcelota, the late Nicaraguan minister, and must therefore be taken *cum grano salis*.

"The force under the orders of Walker is composed of 224 Americans and 150 natives of Leon, forming the garrison of Granada; 300 natives sent against the Department of Segovia and Matagalpa, and 50 men who defended Leon; fifteen in the fort of San Carlos, and six at Castillo Viejo—in all 595.

"President Estrada, who made his escape at the time of the surprise of Granada, has re-organized his Government in the Department of Segovia, and has with him the Minister of the Treasury, the Commandant-General of the Eastern Department, General Martinez, and almost all the Government officers, commanding considerable forces. The President is surrounded and aided by a great number of the proprietors and most respectable inhabitants.

"The towns which have fallen into the hands of Walker and his accomplices have been abandoned by their inhabitants. He issued a barbarous decree ordering all those persons to return to their homes within a specified time, under certain penalties, amounting to \$10,000, to be doubled in the event of non-compliance therewith, without legal redress. None have obeyed, and Walker has taken possession of all the property of all the proprietors, both native and foreign residents, of said towns; but this has not furnished him with any pecuniary resources, since he finds no purchasers of confiscated estates. The money derived from his freebooting expedition against Granada and the first contributions he succeeded in realizing have already disappeared, squandered by the officers of his band without any benefit to his soldiers, and what remained was carried off by the inhabitants in their flight. Walker does not pay a cent to his troops in money. The miserable rations they receive he provides by violence and extortion, cajoling the Americans with promises of realizing imaginary treasures, and keeping the natives in subjection by extreme vigilance and terror. Among the adventurers who went from California with the intention of joining Walker several have repented of their rashness and returned, after witnessing the threatening desolation of the country.

"The few abandoned Nicaraguans, who, acting under vindictive impulses and a desire to command, invited those adventurers to join them, now deplore their error, and those deluded persons who abetted their designs, as well as the people generally, have become aware of the necessity of uniting to save the country.

"Walker is surrounded by secret and open enemies, who only await the receipt of arms and munitions of war to put him down by force.

"Such is the general and spontaneous excitement at San Juan del Norte, that Senor Amón Rivas, the oldest son of the person whom Walker made the puppet-President, fitted out on his own account six pirogues, carrying eighty armed men, and went up the river with the object of retaking, in the name of the legitimate Government, Castillo Viejo and San Carlos.

"The Government of San Salvador, instead of sympathizing with the usurpers, immediately recognized the Government of Nicaragua organized by Senor Estrada. Honduras has not only recognized it, but renders it important assistance by sending to the frontier 1,800 men. Costa Rica has 3,000 in Guanacaste, and Guatemala, has mobilized a considerable number of its best troops to co-operate with their allies. The reaction is complete and threatens to be overwhelming; but the want of arms in Nicaragua, the great distance of the States from each other, the bad and insecure condition of the roads, the desire to act in effective combination against the usurper, and possibly the want of precise knowledge of his forces, may retard the execution of the contemplated plans for his destruction. Meanwhile two military expeditions which attempted to penetrate the Department of Segovia and Matagalpa were defeated by the forces under the Government of Senor Estrada, and among the killed was Gen. Valle, alias Chelon, the denouncer of Gen. Corral.

"The United States steamer Massachusetts remained at anchor at San Juan del Sur; and it is worthy of notice that her commander and three of her officers had been to Granada and remained three days, fraternizing with the adventurers, and had extended the same favors to several persons who arrived at the port with the intention of joining Walker."

BOLIVIA.

El Mercurio, of Valparaiso, of the 26th November, gives the following news of the state of things in Bolivia:—The revolution which had broken out in favor of Don Linares, has been promptly stifled. Everywhere the disaffected hasten to abjure their errors and to make their submission to General Cordova, as the constitutional President. Notwithstanding this favorable news, private letters affirm that the revolutionary party, although it has suffered a defeat, is not yet vanquished, and is preparing to renew the strife till it finally succeeds in effecting its objects.

General Santa Cruz consents to return to Europe after having received from the treasury the sum of 6,000 pesos as the half-pay of his military grade, probably to afford him the means of making the voyage. General Belzu has carried his disinterestedness so far as to give up his command to his son-in-law, and to accept for himself the place of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the government of France. It is to be hoped that Bolivia will be fully indemnified for his salary of 12,000 pesos by the advantages which will result from his voluntary absence.

ECUADOR.

From Quito, under date of the 4th October, we learn that General Urbina has demanded of the Senate the authorization to declare war on Peru. It has refused to grant it. The situation of Ecuador is, on the whole, deplorable; public opinion is fettered, and fear has taken the place of confidence. Misery has attained the highest pitch; there is neither industry, nor agriculture, nor commerce; money has disappeared with liberty and hope. The policy of Gen. Urbina is quite Machiavelian; he has deceived all parties in order to preserve power; he is only obeyed because there is no one to put in his place.

MONTEVIDEO.

From Buenos Ayres we have files of papers to the 17th of November. The condition of affairs on the southern frontier was very alarming, owing to the boldness of the Indian incursions, and the number and organization of the bands engaged in them. General Hornos had defeated them, on the 29th of October, in battle, but they were far from being subdued; and Calfeucura, the leading war-chief, was more popular with the tribes than ever. The revolutionists had failed. Bustos had succeeded in gaining the north, but nothing positive was known as to the whereabouts of Flores or Baltara. Colonel Oliveri had contracted with the government for the establishment of an armed colony of six hundred men, with their families, on the frontier beyond the Salinas river. Argentine emigrants were ordered to retire from the coast by the Oriental government. Senor Pena was about to leave on a mission to the Parana. Brazilian troops were entering Montevideo by the Rio Grande frontier at the time that they were leaving, by government order, at another point. It was said in Buenos Ayres that the armed negotiations between Brazil and Paraguay would be renewed.

PERU.

We have news from Lima of a late date. The Peruvian navy, which cost \$1,633,000, and requires an annual appropriation of seven hundred thousand dollars for its support, is cried down as useless by the papers. Complaints are made also of the expenses of the army. Twenty-seven vessels had loaded with guano in November. In Callao there was much interest felt with regard to the gold discoveries in Chili. Trade was dull. A peculiar type of fever was committing great ravages all over the Peruvian territory. The terms under which the port of Pisco was declared free had been modified so as to suit the Lima and Callao trades. The health of the last named city was excellent. A German colony was about to be founded near Lima under government auspices. A great many Peruvian war-ships lay in the bay of Callao. Several hundred Chinese laborers had been landed there. Two sailors had been forcibly taken from the American bark Gallego, of New Providence, while taking in guano at the Chinchas, and no redress given to her captain.

CHILI.

From the South Pacific we have news to December 15. The Legislature of Chili had assembled in extraordinary session, by call of the government. A treaty of peace and navigation with Great Britain had been duly ratified, and treaty and consular relations with the Argentine Confederation, Ecuador and New Granada were under discussion. A new code of civil law was ordered to be put in force on 1st of January. The gold mines were yielding well, and great excitement prevailed at Valparaiso on account of a rush to the diggings. In that city, very many improvements were going forward, in the erection of public buildings and stores, as well as harbor extension.

AUSTRALIA.

From Australia we have files to October 1. Much depression was caused in commercial circles in Sydney, owing to rumors of approaching insolvency; but it was hoped that trade would soon recover. A large cargo of fine tea had arrived from China, at Port Phillip. The Sydney and Paramatta railway was opened on the 28th of September, and a great step was thus taken towards the development of the immense resources of the interior of the Australian continent. The gold market was dull. In Melbourne, the price was £3 16s. per ounce. Flour was steady at £33 and £35 per ton, as per quality. In Sydney, the theatres were doing very well.

WASHINGTON.

The House of Representatives still continues its fruitless balloting for Speaker without any apparent progress towards an election. The U. S. Senate for want of organization in the House, is occupied in comparatively unimportant matters. The correspondence between the British and United States Governments in relation to the British enlistments has been brought to a close, the conclusive dispatch being transmitted to Mr. Buchanan on Saturday last, the 5th inst., requiring the former Government to recall Mr. Crampton, or leaving the alternative of the Administration giving him his passports here.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HEART OF MABEL WARE. A Romance. New York: J. C. Derby.

THIS is an exceedingly pretentious book; and to carry out the idea of the author successfully, would require the choicest intellectual qualities, combined with varied social experience, and a mind of the utmost purity. The plan of the work can be sketched in a few words: Mabel Ware is the daughter of a misty ill-defined character, who, when in her seventh year, is sent to the mad-house, because the author, for some inscrutable reason, has deprived him of his senses. The conduct of the madman's estate is then placed in the hands of trustees, who resign their trusts in favor of his brother, who also undertakes the guardianship of the child. From this period until her marriage, with a kind of "walking gentleman," the narrative is entirely devoid of incident; and the pages are filled with much pompous and diffusive composition which is intended to shadow to the reader the growth and development of the girl's mind. We are treated to every variety of image, unexceptionable in moral bearing, but entirely without relevancy, transcendence, or interest. The author appears to be impressed with the idea that mysterious nods and "inexplicable dumb show" present a better medium for the embodiment of his ideas, than plain common-sense narration; hence he is always in the clouds to the imminent risk of his own neck, and of his reader's vision. Thus far, however, his fault is but venial. We can tolerate dull writing, having grown pretty well used to it; and in this case, there are some felicitous conceits, which render the writer's intellectual meekness endurable.

But when, advanced into adult life, he attempts to portray his heroine, in her social relation of wife and mother, the author's inchoate dreamings and nonsensical visionary musings, darken into positive criminality. So far we have been interested in his heroine; she is a girl profoundly ignorant of life and its active duties; she reads, keeps a most singular kind of journal, spends her time with unsympathising friends, and glides along the stream of time just as idly as a person can well do. During her girlhood she is accidentally brought into company with a prepossessing young man, named Philip Sutherland, who among other juvenile nonsense plucks a flower and gives to her, and after this only memorable action, goes abroad, and is not heard of again for years. On his return he finds Mabel married; still he visits her in her husband's company, and spends delightful hours in riding and walking "through all the haunts of the place, sometimes with Mabel alone, but oftener with Eugene" (her husband.) Then succeeds a miserable re-hashing of Don Juan, Ernest Maltravers, and all other sentimental delinquencies. We are treated to rapturous evanescences passed by the foolish pair in the verandah, with the silent moon, and the perfume of flowers, and all that sort of thing for accompaniments; the husband, very conveniently, good easy man, "sauntering down to the end of the piazza absorbed in happy thoughts." Then succeeds sentimental song-singing, the interchange of glances, the momentary obscuration of the moon, and the "taking the hand which hung so near him, and pressing it hurriedly and unresisted to his lips."

The author of this work is evidently a young man, and he will doubtless live to see the folly of all the romantic, regenerative, and revolutionary nonsense that now clogs his brain. The book is inscribed to the author's father, whom, with a becoming filial spirit, he designates "a noble christian gentleman." We ask the author if such detestable sentiments as the following are calculated to win a father's approval?

"Woe, Mabel, but I will name it, for I must. I urge you to no haste. I only beg you to think, that the ties which bind you, so against your will, are only human. A word of yours, made them strong. A consenting word—and he bent down to her drooping head, speaking low and deep-toned, 'a consenting word, dear Mabel, shall undo them forever! Nay, I know all that you might say of duty, and honor, and wifely faith; yet Mabel, what are these but empty sounds? Your wifely faith! tell me, where is it now? I say, do not weep! You could not keep it! Your duty! remember it is only by an arbitrary, a mere human, system of customs that your duty is due to this man, your husband. You were betrayed into an unnatural marriage. Perhaps you staid in yielding to that; but be sure you will not be absorbed by heaping sacrifices forever on a shrine where worship is not due. Duty? it is not to him, since you do not love him—but to me—if you love me—that duty is due. Nay, my dear Mabel, do not weep for your honor! Believest thou, and if you love me well, say! will it be brighter in his keeping, to whom the tyranny of custom alone commits it, or in mine to whom your own heart would trust it in unflinching confidence?"

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edited by George Stillman Hillard. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The collected writings of Landor have recently been published in two large octavo volumes, printed in double column and fine type, a mode of publication calculated to repel all but the most resolute readers. Mr. Hillard entertains a high feeling of respect for his author, and enters into a very appreciative criticism of his writings; but he is utterly without bigotry, and his admiration for the distinguished writer does not blind him to those peculiarities which stand in the way of his ever becoming popular. The selections are made with taste and judgment, and the volume is embellished with a well-executed portrait of the author, from a statuette by the late Count D'Orsay.

KIT BAX'S ADVENTURES; OR, THE YARNS OF AN OLD MARINER. By Mary Cowden Clark. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The publishers have here presented us with a reprint of a very amusing volume of "yarns" from the pen of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clark. The authors is an admirable writer for the young, and this Lilliputian and Brobdingnagian series of narratives, are filled with adventures exactly suited to take possession of their minds. The embellishments by George Cruikshank possess the raciness of his happiest efforts.

THE MAGICIAN'S SNOW-BALL, AND OTHER STORIES. By the Author of "Rainbows for Children." With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An admirable collection of stories for the young, written with great elegance and vivacity. The illustrations are excellent.

PLAIN TALK AND FRIENDLY ADVICE TO DOMESTICS; WITH COUNSEL ON HOME MATTERS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The authors of this useful little volume confesses herself a "young New England matron—a Yankee if you please." It is marked with all the practical good sense, intelligence, and perception of domestic comfort which so honorably distinguish our New England countrywomen. Improving upon the popular habit of ridiculing recognized absurdities, and only thereby provoking the evil by the exacerbation of feeling thus produced; our authors more profitably sets herself to examine into "the root of the evil," and with true christian spirit shows how much domestic infelicity might be obviated by a more reasonable course of conduct on the part of many "mistresses," and by a more general observance of the doctrine of bearing and forbearing. We have always questioned the moral tendency of such publications as Dean Swift's "Advice to Servants," and Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers;" since instead of operating towards the removal of the follies the writers expend their wit upon, they only aggravate them, and separate more widely the classes, that should be drawn together by social intercourse and kindly relations. We profess ourselves thorough converts to the doctrine preached by our authors, and cordially commend her very excellent "Advice" to all classes of readers.

LYOYD'S STEAMBOAT DIRECTORY, AND DISASTERS ON THE WESTERN WATERS, containing one hundred engravings and forty-six maps. By James T. Lloyd. Cincinnati: J. T. Lloyd & Co.

This very valuable Steamboat Directory furnishes us with all that is interesting or useful to know in relation to the steam navigation of our Western waters. The volume contains a condensed and well written history of the application of steam as a motive power, together with the biography of John Fitch and Robert Fulton. A complete list of steamboats now afloat on the Western rivers and lakes, with maps of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and dangerous views and sketches of the principal towns along their shores. The editor and publisher of this volume has carefully performed his task, and it cannot fail to be received as a valuable statistical work, as well as a Guide-book for the travelling public.

THE HOLLY-TREE INN. In Seven Chapters. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is a reprint of the last Christmas Story by this popular author, and manifests no diminution of interest from the preceding lighter works of his inexhaustible pen.

THE U.S. DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR JANUARY. New Series. Lloyd & Co., New York. This number of the Review commences a new volume, and its contents are varied and well chosen.

We have the second volume of the Encyclopedia of American Literature by the Messrs. Duyckinck lying upon our table; but, owing to the pressure upon our columns, we are constrained to defer a lengthened notice till our next issue. A cursory examination of this second volume confirms our opinion of the excellence of the work, which is executed with a diligence commensurate with the importance of the undertaking.

JACKSON AND NEW ORLEANS: An Authentic Narration of the Memorable Achievements of the American Army under Andrew Jackson before New Orleans in the autumn of 1814-15, by Alexander Walker. New York, J. C. Derby.

No work has appeared for a long time, that could be more opportune than this authentic narration of Jackson and New Orleans. Just at this moment it would seem as if the whole American nation was particularly alive to the memory of the Old Hero of the Hermitage, and determined in every way possible to do honor to his memory. Judge Walker, the author of this work, has resided in New Orleans for nearly 20 years, and during the whole of that time has been busily and enthusiastically engaged in collecting materials for his history. He has had the most ample opportunity, by becoming personally acquainted, not only with General Jackson, and the principal officers engaged, but also with hundreds who participated in the fight, and loved to recount the brilliant deeds of the memorable day. The work before us is full of personal detail and anecdote which will charm every reader. In its pages we find rescued the deeds of noble men, which would otherwise soon be forgotten; we have portraits of Beck-woods' heroes, worthy of a place among the fabled gods of the pagan pantheons. We cordially recommend the work to the public of every section of our vast country; to the people of the north it will afford a fine illustration of the materials out of which western men are made; to the people of the south-west it will give pleasure as recording so much that is admirable of their own sons, and their.

As the book has necessarily been printed without the author's supervision, we notice some typographical errors, under such circumstances almost impossible to avoid. They suggest their proper correction in almost every case. We notice one on page 307—where it is printed "six yards below the city," when it should read six miles.

WHITEFIELD'S SUCCESS.—The following is from a recent work entitled "Priest, Puritan and Preacher." "George Whitefield was among the first to show the right way to meet infidels and skeptics. He saw clearly that the most powerful weapon against such men is not metaphysical reasoning and critical disquisition; but preaching the whole gospel, and spreading the whole gospel. Infidels are seldom shaken by abstract reasoning. The surest arguments against them are gospel truth and gospel life. He did not sit tamely by his fireside, mourning over the wickedness of the land. He went forth to beard the devil in his high place. Like a fisherman, he did not wait for the fish to come to him, but used every means to catch souls. He was always in earnest. He had an intense feeling for souls, and his feeling had a vent in tears. Of all the ingredients of his preaching, nothing, I suspect, is so powerful as this. Men could not hate the man who wept so much over their souls. They were often so affected as to shed floods of tears themselves. 'I came to hear you,' said one man, 'intending to break your head; but your sermon got the better of me—it broke my heart.' Once become satisfied that a man loves you, and you will listen gladly to anything he has to say."

TERRIBLE SUFFERING AT SEA.—The British brig Zenluko, Griffith, of Halifax, N. S., was fallen in, Nov. 10, in lat. 37° 20' N. lon. 63° W., waterlogged and dismasted, by brig Sarah, arrived at Guadalupe, who took from the wreck Capt. Griffith and one man. Capt. G. had been lashed to the stump of the foremast for eight days, and was in a terrible condition of suffering. The flesh was falling from his body when he was discovered. At latest accounts he was improving.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—One of the most horrible and distressing tragedies which it has ever been our lot to record, or which perhaps has ever met the public ear, occurred in our city on the night of the 24th, or morning of the 25th inst. When the 4 o'clock train on the Macon and Western Railroad arrived at East Point, on Christmas morning, the body of a person was found on the cow-catcher, having been dragged the entire distance from Atlanta—six miles—in this manner. The body was so mutilated, in fact literally torn to pieces—the fragments scattered along the whole distance—as to defy identification. From the fragments of clothing, however, found attached to the body, it is rendered almost certain that the deceased was a son of Col. Amos W. Hammond, of this city. There is a suspicion afloat that he was murdered in an affray by his companions, and afterwards laid upon the track. We have not heard the evidence to this point. The matter is now undergoing investigation before the coroner.—Atlanta (Georgia) Intelligencer.

LAW INTELLIGENCE

SUPERIOR COURT.—Jan. 8.—Before Chief Justice Oakley.
ACTION AGAINST AN INSURANCE COMPANY.

William Jellinghaus vs. the New York Insurance Company.

This cause was tried three times before, and the testimony adduced on former occasions was now read to the jury. It was to recover the amount of a policy of insurance on a quantity of hardware, which was imported to New York from Bremen, and was found, on its arrival here, to be damaged by the sea water. The goods were sent to auction and sold, and the plaintiff sues for the balance between the amount realized at the sale and the amount insured for. Verdict for plaintiff, \$1,669.22

Jan. 8.—Before Hon. Judge Duer.

ACTION AGAINST A RAILWAY COMPANY.

William Chapman vs. the New York and New Haven Railroad Company.

The plaintiff in this case complains that he was the owner of a passenger ticket on the defendants' railroad, between Hunt's Bridge and the city of New York. From Williamsbridge to the City Hall, the New York and Harlem Railroad Company and the New York and New Haven Company use the same track, and on the 22d of November, 1854, the plaintiff took his place in one of the cars of a passenger train belonging to the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, for the purpose of being transported to New York. While the train was on its way to the city of New York, and while upon a part of the New York and Harlem railroad used by both companies, the plaintiff alleges that, through the negligent conduct of the New Haven Railroad Company's servants, the train in which he was seated came violently into collision with a freight train belonging to the defendants. The collision occurred before daylight in the morning, while it was rainy, foggy and dark; the plaintiff was greatly bruised, and otherwise injured by the collision, and has been subjected to great expense for medicines and medical attendance. Damages are laid at \$10,000. The defendants deny negligence, and contend that if the plaintiff received any injury by the collision, it was caused by the negligence of the Harlem Railroad Company. Adjourned.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Before Judge Ingraham.

THE BAIL OF WILLIAM COSGROVE, WHO CAUSED JUDGE STUART'S TROUBLE.

The People vs. John B. Frink.

The defendant in this case entered into a recognizance in behalf of William Cosgrove, who was charged with burglary, in the sum of \$3,000, to appear and answer the said charge, or any indictment that might be found against him, at the Court of Sessions. In June, 1853, the recognizances were forfeited, and judgment was entered against the defendant in the sum of \$3,000. Cosgrove was subsequently arrested and discharged from the arrest, and a *nolle prosequi* entered upon the indictment by the District Attorney, through Sidney H. Stuart, late City Judge. After that, Cosgrove, who sometimes called himself Connolly, was re-indicted upon the same charge, and again discharged therefrom by the District Attorney. The defendant says that he employed a constable to proceed to Baltimore to arrest Cosgrove; that he did arrest him; but that, on their way to New York, Cosgrove made his escape in Philadelphia, and the defendant did not see him again until after the *nolle prosequi* had been entered. The defendant alleges that he incurred an actual expense of \$300 in endeavoring to procure the arrest of Cosgrove, with a view to his surrender to the authorities. The defendant, therefore, moves to vacate the judgment obtained against him for \$3,000, as bondsman for Cosgrove.

Judge Ingraham, in giving his decision, said:—I can see nothing in these papers to justify this Court, under the rules which have governed us in remitting forfeited recognizances, to grant this application. The fact that a *nolle prosequi* was entered subsequently should have no such effect under the circumstances attending that act. At any rate, we would not give weight to such a proceeding unless the Court of Sessions and the District Attorney united in a recommendation to this Court to grant such remission. We have invariably required some good reason for such an application, and the rule cannot be departed from in this case. Application denied, without prejudice to a renewal of the same on other papers.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

ESCAPE OF A CONVICT FROM THE TOMBS.—John Brenner, alias Snozer, a notorious scamp who was sentenced by the City Judge to the State Prison for two years and six months for an attempt at grand larceny, escaped from the City Prison just after he had been taken there, and is yet at large. It appears that some friend of his stole from the office a ticket of access and slipped it into Snozer's hand before he was locked up in his cell. With this ticket he proceeded to the entrance of the prison, and on handing it to the officer in attendance was permitted to pass out. He was soon missed and notice of his escape was sent to the Chief of Police, who telegraphed to each of the Police Stations to have a look-out kept for him. He will in all probability be retaken. During the past year there have been 38,264 prisoners committed to the Tombs and Snozer is the only one out of the number that has escaped.

A VILE DEN.—Sophia Brecker was on Tuesday arrested, charged with keeping a house of prostitution at No. 93 Leonard street, and one of the vilest characters. A few days since Alga Oczroski, a German girl, was led by an advertisement in one of the German papers to call at the house, in hopes of getting a situation as servant, and was hired, but she soon found out the character of the house and wished to leave, but was not allowed to go, and was even forced to submit to the embraces of a black man who visited the house. Two of the female boarders at the house were also arrested, and, with their mistress, were locked up by Justice Connolly.

ALLEGED ABDUCTION.—Patrick Darling, an Irish laborer, was arrested on Tuesday charged with abducting a German girl whom he met as she landed from the Flushing steamboat, and who asked him to carry her baggage to a house up town. This occurred on Saturday last, and since that time the girl has not been seen. When questioned, Darling stated that he left her at a lager beer saloon in William street, but this proved not to have been the case. He is suspected of having inveigled her into some improper place, and was locked up by Justice Connolly for examination.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION ON BOARD OF A SCHOONER.—A sailor named Thomas Atwood was suffocated by coal gas on board of the schooner Hammond, Capt. Thos. Payne, of Boston, now lying at the foot of Bridge street, on Sunday night last. It appears that the deceased, with Joseph Dowd and Daniel McDowd, also employed on the vessel, built a coal fire in the fore-castle in the evening, and secured themselves against the inclemency of the weather by shutting down the hatch. During the night the snow covered the stove-pipe, and thus all fresh air was excluded. The gas generated and filled the cabin, prostrating the inmates. In the morning the cook called them, but receiving no answer, opened the hatch and found the three men lying helpless in their bunks—one was dead. Joseph Dowd is so low that his recovery is not expected. McDowd is recovering. Drs. Murphy, Langdon and Bellingham were engaged with the two men during the day.

A POLICEMAN AND A TIGER.—Officer McManus, of the Lower Court, went on Saturday last to a Menagerie in the Bowery to arrest a person employed there. When the person sought to be arrested discovered the Policeman, he took flight behind a cage in which was a tiger. The Policeman, nothing daunted, pursued; but while passing the cage his progress was impeded by the tiger, who, stretching out his paw, grabbed him by the shoulder, tearing off a part of his coat, vest and shirt, as also a not inconsiderable piece of flesh. This, however, did not prevent the officer from serving the warrant and arresting the fugitive.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.—John O'Conner, a grocery clerk, who a few months since ran away with a Brooklyn heiress, said to have large possessions in Virginia, returned to Brooklyn last week to spend the holidays. At an early hour on New Year's morning, he visited his brother's house on Atlantic near Willow street, where he commenced playing with a pocket pistol. While doing this it was discharged accidentally. The ball striking the stove, glanced and entered the left lung of his sister, who was seated near him. Medical aid was called in, and the ball was taken out from under the left arm having passed nearly through. She was removed to the City Hospital, and but slight hopes were entertained of her recovery.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON SHIPBOARD.—Coroner Connery held an inquest on Tuesday upon the body of a man named Daniel Coleman, who came to his death from fracture of the skull and other injuries accidentally received by falling down the hatchway of the ship Diadem, now lying at the foot of Wall street. The deceased was a stowaway, and while employed on board of the Diadem was knocked into the hold by a case of goods striking him on the chest as he was standing near the edge of the hatchway. Verdict in accordance with the above facts. Deceased was a native of Ireland, and was forty-six years of age.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF SAMUEL ROGERS, THE POET.—The English journals by the *Arage*, bring us intelligence of the death of Samuel Rogers, the elegant author of "Pleasures of Memory," and the last setting star of the constellation of poetic genius that irradiated the literature of England in the early part of the present century. Mr. Rogers was born in the year 1760, and had consequently attained the advanced age of ninety-five years. He preceded all his distinguished contemporaries in the era of his birth, Bonaparte and Wellington being born in the one year, 1769, Moore in 1780, and Byron in '88. Dr. Johnson was already in the zenith of his fame when Rogers was yet a child; and his delicate intellectual perceptions being fascinated by the distinguished lexicographer's name, the child was prompted to have an interview with the great man. He accordingly visited his house in Bolt Court, Fleet street, and knocked timidly at the door; but before his summons could be responded to, his heart failed him, and he made a precipitate retreat. Had the noble old moralist seen him, there is no doubt the visit would have been agreeable to both parties; for under that repelling exterior of dogmatism and self-esteem, Dr. Johnson possessed a spirit filled with kindly qualities. The eminence of Mr. Rogers in the literary circles of London depended more on his accomplishments as a connoisseur and a critic than on his merits as an author. His great wealth also enabled him to play the part of a *Mecenas* to perfection. His house was the centre of whatever was brilliant and fascinating among the literary celebrities of the age, but his chief delight was in extending his friendly aid to young and unknown authors, who were struggling with difficulties. Some ten or twelve years ago the banking-house of Rogers, Messrs. Rogers & Co., (we forget the name of the partner who subsequently withdrew) was rendered suddenly famous by a successful and extensive robbery to the amount of three or four hundred thousand pounds, committed, it was supposed, by some of the employees. The missing funds consisted principally of Bank of England notes of high denominations; but although the numbers and dates of the notes were extensively published and placarded throughout England and the Continent, we believe but few of them were ever traced home, and that none of the perpetrators were arrested. The immense wealth of the firm enabled them to sustain this severe loss without embarrassment. His earliest production, published in 1787, was the "Ode to Superstition and other Poems." This was succeeded in five years by the "Pleasures of Memory," which work formed the basis of his reputation as a poet, and is still read by the lovers of smooth and melodious versification. His last work, the celebrated poem of "Italy," was brought out in a style of costly magnificence—not less than ten thousand pounds, it is said, having been spent on its embellishments. The poet's house in London has been famous for half a century for the elegant hospitalities enjoyed there by the great men and famous women of the time. To breakfast with Rogers has been the ambition of Americans visiting London, and many of our eminent countrymen have had the happiness to boast of enjoying that distinguished honor. This Nestor of bankers and poets died at his house in St. James's-place, in London, on the night of the 17th of December.

DEATH OF THE REV. DOCTOR CHOULES.—Died on Saturday night, in this city, at the residence of Nelson Robinson, Esq., Dr. John O. Choules, while spending a few days on a visit. Few men in this country were more widely known and beloved than Dr. Choules. He was a man of decided talents and accomplishments, of the most genial temper, and universally esteemed for the kindness of his heart and the unaffected interest he felt in the welfare of all around him. He was a native of Bristol, England, but spent the greater part of his life in this country. He was a Baptist clergyman, and had charge first of a church near Boston, then of one in this city, and afterwards of one in Newport, R. I., where he also directed a flourishing school which he had established for the education of boys. His knowledge of the world and his winning gentleness of character, made him an admirable instructor, and few teachers have ever enjoyed a warmer love and regard from their pupils than he received from those under his care. In Washington he knew every body of note, and so in many other cities. It will be recollected that he was the chaplain companion of Commodore Vanderbilt in the celebrated steam-yacht voyage he made in Europe, and that he wrote some account of it. He was also author of a life of Cromwell, whom he treated after the manner of Carlyle and Headley, as also some works of Baptist Church History. But as a writer, he was not remarkable nor brilliant, being distinguished more for the variety of his attainments than for any peculiar eminence in any one. Dr. Choules had been spending his holiday vacation here, and on Wednesday last took a severe cold which settled in his throat, and gradually grew worse. On Friday he sent for his family, and on Saturday evening, sitting quietly in his chair, expired as if he had simply fallen asleep. The funeral ceremonies were performed in the church of Dr. Williams, in Amity street, but his remains are to be taken to Newport.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.—Noah Edminster, a soldier of the revolutionary war, died at Dixmont, Me., on the 24th ult., in the ninety-third year of his age. He was born at Malien, Mass., in the year 1758, and at an early age volunteered into the American army, at the commencement of the war at Bunker Hill, witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne's army, and was with the army under the immediate command of Washington, through one whole campaign. It was his boast that he served a year on board the first American naval vessel, and aided in capturing several English armed vessels—one in the English channel. The deceased had resided for more than half a century in Dixmont.—Boston Journal.

DEATH OF OSGOOD MUSSEY.—Osgood Mussey, a gentleman very well known in this community, died suddenly night before last at the residence of his brother in this city. He was a son of Dr. Mussey, the celebrated surgeon, and was a man of remarkable natural abilities. He had travelled extensively and adventurously—for a time, we believe, the private secretary of Daniel Webster, and some years since was a prominent writer for the press of this city.—Cincinnati Commercial.

DEATH OF P. P. F. DEGRAND, OF BOSTON.—The above-named prominent citizen of Boston, died recently at the advanced age of eighty years. Mr. Degrand was of French birth, and his intonation was always marked with a foreign accent, but he removed early in life to this country, and has long been a resident of Boston, where, for many years, he took a leading part on the Stock Exchange. To Mr. Degrand belongs the somewhat dubious honor of having, by a speech delivered at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, led off the banks and merchants of Boston to join in the suspension of specie payments of 1836. He succeeded in acquiring and leaving behind him a handsome fortune, and by the disposition made of it by his will, he justly merits the title of a public benefactor. After providing, by life annuities, for his sisters, he has left the whole of his estate, amounting, it is said, to \$120,000, to public uses. A large portion is given to Harvard College for the special purpose of supplying the College Library with French books on scientific subjects; another portion is given to the City of Boston, the income to be expended in purchasing books of amusement for the Public Schools; and a third portion is divided among eight charitable institutions.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Wm. M. Overton, Esq., some time since connected with the Washington Union, but recently one of the editors of the Washington Sentinel, died on Tuesday, at the residence of his father-in-law, Col. Robert M. Canby, in Williamsburg, Va. He had been in declining health for a long time, and his demise was not unexpected. He was a gentleman of fine talents, varied accomplishments, and a vigorous writer.

William M. Harding, a Member of the Virginia Legislature, died on Saturday the 5th inst., at Washington, from a dose of morphia taken through mistake.

Robert Witherspoon, an old and extensive cotton factor of Charleston, S.C., died in that city on the 4th inst., of apoplexy.

Stephen W. Taylor, LL.D., President of the Madison University, died at Hamilton, on the 7th inst., aged sixty-five years.

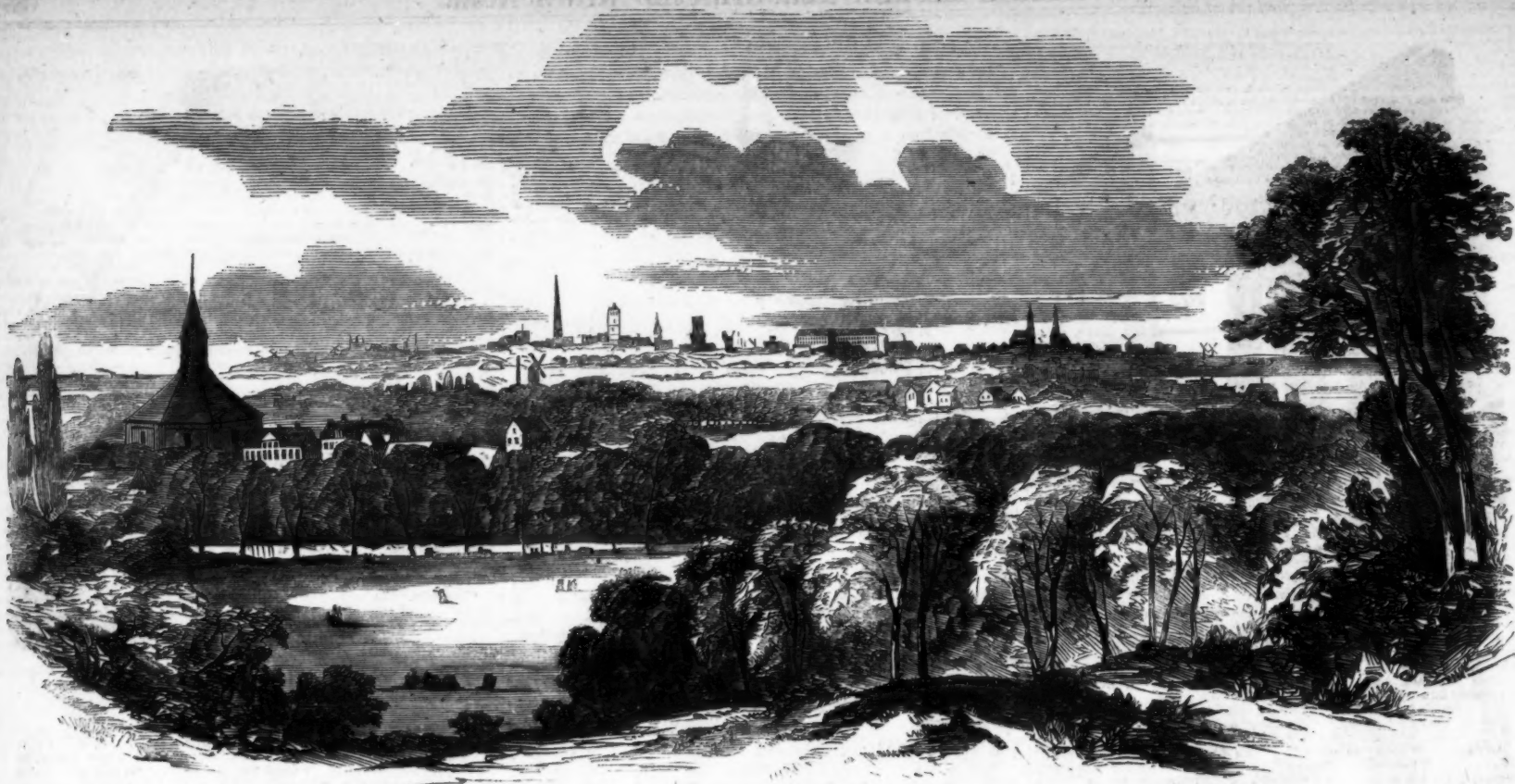
On the 8th inst. Mr. A. S. De Graw, of Brooklyn. Mr. De Graw was well known on 'Change, where he had been long in association with business men, among whom he had established a high character for integrity and promptness in his pursuits, and by his pleasing address had gained a large circle of friends. He was President of the Brooklyn Fire Department, and was crushed by a falling wall during the recent fire at the Stillwell Iron Works in that city. After lingering a short time, he expired on Tuesday, in the prime of manhood, being only about thirty-two years of age. His sudden death is lamented by all who knew him.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A shocking accident, which resulted in the loss of life, occurred on the Reading Railroad near Norristown, Pa., on the 5th inst. A coal train had broken down on the track, and the locomotive was taken from the passenger train to push the wreck out of the way. After performing this work, and when the engine was about to be re-attached to the passenger train, Mr. Edward Preston, the baggage master, was caught between the tender and baggage car, and crushed about the stomach in such a shocking manner that he died in an hour and a half at Norristown, whither he was conveyed. The deceased was much esteemed. He leaves a wife and two children.

ACCIDENT ON THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY ROAD.—A collision took place between three and four o'clock on the 5th instant on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, above Burlington, between the way train and freight train, in consequence of the former running out of the time. The engine and one car were badly smashed, as were informed that the engineer, fireman and a brakeman were considerably injured. The former had his leg broken. It is surprising that more accidents do not happen on this road, in consequence of so many trains being run over a single track.

SCARCITY OF LABORERS IN MARYLAND.—The Rockville (Md.) Journal complains of great scarcity of laborers in that county, and adds:—"A full grown man readily commands from \$115 to \$120 per annum, and from \$12 to \$15 per month. If the able-bodied men who lounge and loaf about the cities, living from hand to mouth upon the hap-hazard employment they could get there, would seek the country, they would find constant demand for their labor at lucrative prices; and while they would be happier and better off, we would read less of suffering in the cities."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Friday evening the 4th inst., says a Canadian correspondent, as a man named Jerry Sheveller was travelling on a Canada highway, going from Jordan to Ball's Mills, he met with two men sitting upon a log by the side of the road. Upon his extending to them the usual salutation, one of the rascals sprung upon him and demanded his money. Sheveller had no idea that the other was in earnest, but when he presented a revolver and made an attempt to stab him, realised his situation and gave up some \$38. An extensive search was made for the robbers, but they could not be traced beyond a neighboring toll gate, whither their trucks led the officers.



COPENHAGEN.

COPENHAGEN, FROM FREDERICKSBURG.

Our diplomatic complications with Denmark, in relation to the contested claim of the Sound Dues, having diverted considerable public attention to the Danish Kingdom, we this week present our readers with a series of very spirited engravings illustrative of the geographical and social peculiarities of the nation.

Copenhagen, the capital town, or, as it is spelt in Danish, Kjøbenhavn, is said to have been founded by Bishop Azel in 1168, when it was only a mere hamlet of fishermen, but, as a town, it dates only from the thirteenth century, and, as a city, since 1443. Being well adapted for commerce, it rapidly increased, and soon became the seat of government, its population in 1852 being 133,140, mostly Protestants. It is built on a piece of very flat ground, slightly raised above the surface of the sea, and is intersected in several directions with canals, along which are numerous quays and wharfs. The form of the city is that of an irregular circle, with a diameter of about two miles, circumference rather more than six miles. Copenhagen, which has sustained a prominent position in the military annals of Europe, is strongly fortified, being surrounded on the land side with a lofty wall flanked with bastions, and by a broad, deep ditch, filled with water from the Baltic, and defended toward the sea by most formidable batteries. It contains many handsome edifices of modern construction, usually of brick, but occasionally of Norwegian granite; as a general thing, the pavement of the streets is very indifferent, and the city suffers much by the worst of evils to which a large community can be subjected—a deficiency of good fresh water. The city possesses numerous hospitals and asylums, in which no kind of disease, poverty, or wretchedness appears to be forgotten, an university founded by Christian I. in 1478, a museum of northern antiquities, celebrated throughout Europe for its valuable collection of Scandinavian remains, and is well provided with educational institutions.

Copenhagen, from the prominence it has had in the belligerent annals of modern Europe, has stood some stout sieges, especially that in 1801, when, after one of the most desperate actions on record, Nelson, who was second in command to Sir Hyde Parker, sank or burnt all the Danish ships, and compelled Denmark to abandon the alliance she had entered into against England. Again, in 1807, Copenhagen was bombarded by Lord Cathcart, and forced to capitulate. For this siege, and the destruction of the fleet, the Danes still dislike the English, and these things may have had some effect upon the nation's refusal to join the Western Alliance against its most dangerous enemy—Alexander II. The King of Denmark, Frederick VII., is childless, the presumptive heir to the throne being Frederick Ferdinand, the king's uncle, now over seventy years of age.

COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTRY.

The scenery of Denmark is picturesque, and the costumes of the peasantry attract particular attention. Among the places noted for great natural beauty is the ferry crossing at Middleland in the island of Funen, affording some of the most noted scenery throughout the kingdom. Steamers constantly ply between Nyeborg, the western extremity of the island of Funen and Korsør, in Zealand—the water flowing between constituting the "Great Belt."

About the middle of the passage is the little island of Scarpogoe, on which is a telegraph for the transmission of news when the Great Belt is frozen over, and an inn for the accommodation of

ICE-BOUND TRAVELLERS.

The place and the predicament being so uncommonly uncomfortable as to give rise to a Danish malediction, "I wish we were at

on an aggregate capital of \$80,000. Navigation open seven months. Whole number of steamboat arrivals, 560. Estimate number of passengers, over 80,000.

A number of citizens of Sydney, New South Wales, have sent, through the United States consul at that port, two gold medals and twenty-one silver medals for presentation to Captain Ludlow of the American ship Monmouth, his mate and crew, with £300 additional to Captain Ludlow, in acknowledgment of his rescue of the passengers of the bark Meridian, wrecked on the island of Amsterdam on the 24th of August last. The letter accompanying the gift is highly complimentary to Captain Ludlow's seamanship, daring, and humanity.

ANOTHER ELOPEMENT.—The southern section of Baltimore has been in a considerable state of excitement for several days past in consequence of the disappearance of a well-known citizen under circumstances which are, to say the least, not very reputable. A few weeks since, says the *Balt. Am.*, the wife of the party in question, left the city for the purpose of visiting her friends in the country. Soon after she left, the husband disposed of certain personal property, and subsequently drew several thousands of dollars from the bank, and disappeared from the city. At the same time, a young lady also disappeared. A few days since the wife returned to her home, when she found a letter bearing her address, and enclosing a check for \$500. He stated that he was going west for the purpose of purchasing a farm, but she has heard nothing of him since, nor was she apprised of his intention before his departure. The parties have heretofore held a respectable position in society.

WEALTH OF ATLANTIC CITIES.—The wealth concentrated at the great commercial points of the United States is truly astonishing. For instance, one-eighth part of the entire property of this country is owned by the citizens of New York and Boston. Boston alone in its corporate limits owns one-twentieth of the property of this entire Union, being an amount equal to the wealth of any three of the New England States, except Massachusetts. In this city is found the richest community, *per capita*, of any in the United States. The next city in point of wealth, according to its population, is Providence, R. I., which city is one of the richest in the Union, having a valuation of fifty-six millions, with a population of fifty thousand. The bare increase per annum of the wealth of Boston is equal to the entire valuation of many of the minor cities, such as Portland, Salem, New Bedford, Buffalo, Chicago, Louisville &c.—*Boston Traveller*.

FASHION is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.



COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTRY.

Scarpogoe." The whole island of Funen is in a high state of cultivation, and the scenery in many parts bears a great resemblance to the rural landscape of England. Our accompanying sketch displays the usual modes of inland communication by

FERRY-BOAT AND PUBLIC CARRIAGE.

Crossing the Belt to Korsør, in Zealand, a distance of about

eighteen miles. These and the numerous other ferries in Denmark are all regulated by Government, and the fares are very moderate, and the attendants always respectful.

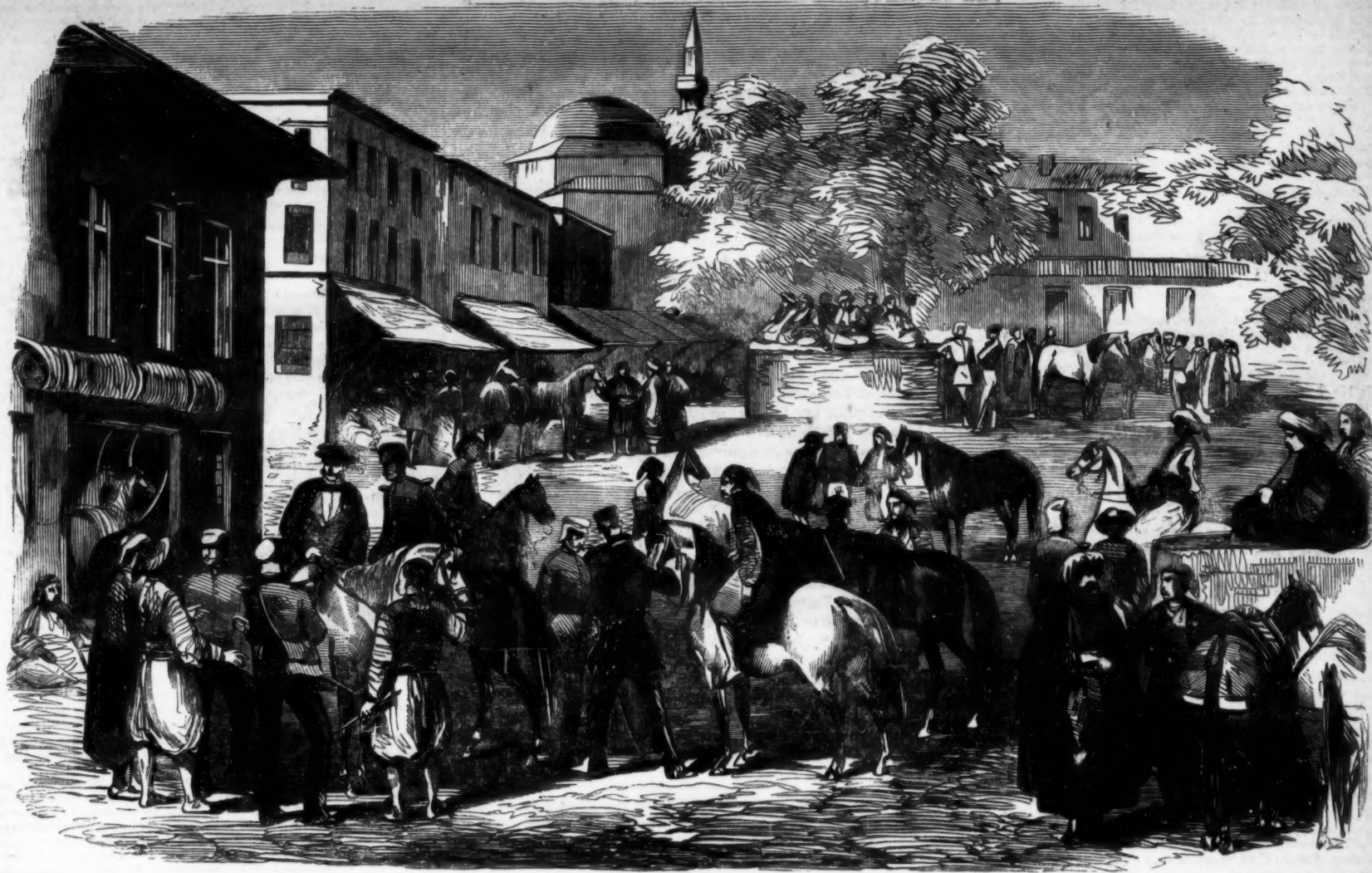
BUSINESS AT ST. PAUL.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) Times has an article giving the business statistics of the place. It shows an average increase of business over last year of some thirty to fifty per cent. The nine warehouses on the levee are set down as having done a business of over \$1,000,000.



PUBLIC CARRIAGE.



FERRY-BOAT.



HORSE BAZAAR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

HORSE BAZAAR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Crimean war has had a sensible effect upon the heretofore exclusive habits of the Turks. Before the allies entered the city, such a thing as a "public sale," as we understand the term, was unknown in the city. Everything was conducted in a quiet, old foggy way, quite congenial to the dreamy, opium-poisoned character of the population. The war, however, created a demand for a thousand kinds of merchandise, and their vendors awoke from their sleep, and have, in some cases, become quite sharp at a bargain. In nothing has this fact been more decidedly displayed than in the creation of horse bazaars. The dealers, who are generally substantial people, sit apart, cross-legged, busy with their long pipes, while their servants lead the animals up and down the mart and do the jockeying. The prevailing delusion, that in Oriental countries we only meet with the "Arab steed," is soon dissipated in Constantinople and everywhere else in the East; for the same number of old broken-down hacks are to be found that form such prominent features at Smithfield or Bull's-head. Horses, however, of rare excellence are also offered, and attract great attention from the officers attached to the allied armies. It is quite amusing to witness their professional pride in their trading, and also edifying to notice the concealed contempt

of the Turkish grooms, for they will not admit that a Frank knows anything of horses. The increasing scarcity of horses has become a severe obstacle to army material. Not only has Europe been repeatedly searched for every available material, but even the distant points of the Arabian desert have been reached by couriers in search of horses for military purposes.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II OF RUSSIA.

It has been said poetically, and yet truthfully, that the young Emperor of Russia has inherited from his father "a legacy of sadness." Alexander certainly commences his career with a load of responsibility that has seldom fallen to so young a ruler. The war in the Crimea, however, is not the most oppressive thing which Alexander inherited from Nicholas. The routine of the stern father is by necessity demanded of the son. Nicholas, of all men, was the most restless, and the least given to personal self-indulgence. He knew that upon himself the fate of every enterprise depended—the centre of all hopes—the object of all anxieties: it was therefore that he increased his moral weight, by appearing conspicuously simple,

yet sudden and unexpected, among his people. He was often supposed to be in Moscow, when the heavy clank of his iron step, upon the corridor of his palace at St. Petersburg, would first announce his presence. Even through the crowded streets of the capital, he seldom moved less than fifteen miles an hour, and in his longer journeys his road was often strewn with dead horses, killed from exhaustion. Alexander—phlegmatic, really German instead of Russian—adopts the rapid movements of his illustrious father as far as in him lies, and he is to be seen rushing through the streets of St. Petersburg in his simple drosky and driver, the Emperor, and as such, beloved by his people, yet still but an inferior representative of the ambitious, grasping despot so recently consigned to the tomb.

A NANTUCKET whaling vessel has discovered a new island in the South Pacific Ocean. It is situated about two hundred and fifty miles south of Desolation Island, and the ship which encountered it, took from it, in less than a week's time, four hundred barrels of sea elephant oil. Two other ships are said to be now in course of preparation to return thither, for the purpose of profiting by this valuable discovery.



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In No. 7 we shall commence the publication of a thrilling romance by one of the best writers of the day, which will be illustrated in a superior manner. This addition to our reading columns, joined with the life of Mrs. Gaines by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens will give to the Illustrated Newspaper an unprecedented interest.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1856.

THE year 1856 will inaugurate a new era in our national policy. In its course the people will learn whether America is or is not to throw off the last remnant of European tutelage and take a thoroughly independent position as the mistress of her own inter-family treaties and relations—as the sole guardian of her own grand highways of trade and the watch-towers of her own coasts and harbors. But, is she not all this at present? will be asked by those who are equally innocent of the bearings of our foreign relations and coast geography. No, certainly; the United States, with all our boasts of the power, progress, and prosperity of the confederation, are perfectly quiescent while a strong maritime power seizes and strengthens by cannon, colonies, protectorates, and treaties, the portals of our most precious lines of commerce and communication. This question, of who is to have the control over the great route of American trade, has now taken a form which will compel our statesmen to bring it to a solution. Mere politicians would gladly put off the day of decision a little longer, but the popular instincts clamor for an answer to this, the deepest foreign issue of 1856,—"Is Europe or America to hold the gates of the American Isthmus and the highways to the Pacific?"

England—always true to her traditional policy of universal supremacy—aims steadily and without disguise at checking the advance of our Republic, and with collateral effort watches and labors to keep under European command all the inlets and outlets of our American seas, and the wardship of all the Isthmus highways to the Pacific. A brief study of the map of the Mexican and Caribbean seas will illustrate the breadth and boldness of her policy on our borders. Without dwelling on the fact, that on the north she bounds us from ocean to ocean, and that her naval depôts and fleets sentinel us as if we were a nation of pirates, the masterly disposition of her island ports, and mainland colonies and protectorates encircles with a strong military cordon the entire sweep of the Caribbean sea, locks up the Gulf of Mexico, and may shut against us the Isthmus routes to our trade at her pleasure. It was with no idle boast of her minister that "England could at will cut in twain the coast commerce of the different sections of the Union." Cuba bars in the Gulf of Mexico with an impassable wall, leaving but narrow inlets at Florida and Yucatan, both of which are flanked and sentinelled by British colonies—the Florida passage by the Bahamas, and that of Yucatan by Jamaica, the Balize, and the new colony of the Bay of Islands, lately wrested from the State of Honduras, a daring violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Cuba completes the European guards over the Mexican Gulf, and hence the intense anxiety to retain Cuba in the hands of Spain—hence the avowed determination of both governments to give it over to the blacks rather than permit it to become American. "African if not Spanish, but never American." This is the official proclamation of the destiny of Cuba; and, to all intents and purposes Cuba is thus maintained as a standing threat over the freedom of our coasting trade.

Hayti, which in position and importance is second only to Cuba, is, with a slight difference of constitution, as much a protectorate of the Allies as the Mosquito kingdom is of England. The eastern portion of the island is occupied by the Dominican Republic, and as it possesses superior harbors and fine coal supplies in the direct line of our South-American trade, our government proposed to draw closer its friendly and commercial relations with this interesting neighbor. This France and England, "allies in both hemispheres," would not permit, and they adopted the extraordinary measure of sending down a fleet to compel this treaty between two independent republics, and both of them in amity with the Allies, to be cancelled, even after it was signed and sealed by the plenipotentiaries of the only parties interested in it. This act settles the condition of St. Domingo as a European dependency, and completes the island cordon of the Caribbean Sea, new held without break or opening by European powers.

When the golden regions of California broke upon the knowledge of the world, and the opening of new channels of trade across the American Isthmus began to warn Europe of vast commercial revolutions, England alone had the energy and forecast to grasp the gates of the Pacific. She, with her European allies, owned or ruled all the islands that fence in the Caribbean from the Atlantic, and the Isthmus and mainland were held by feeble and divided states, perfectly incapable of resisting her dictation. She exercised a kind of sovereignty over the Balize, and the Ruatans

were seized and erected into the Bay of Islands colony. They were the property of the State of Honduras which warmly protested against this wholesale plunder of her territory, and it was besides in flat contradiction of her engagements not to "colonise or fortify" any part of Central America, but it secured her the command of the Bay of Honduras and dominion over the "Squier's route to the Pacific" which British engineers have pronounced the best line for a railway on the Isthmus, and which British capitalists have contracted to build, and so England declares the Ruatans are to remain a "permanent British possession." What Congress will say about this double infraction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the Monroe doctrine is one of the important matters to be developed in the course of 1856. San Juan del Norte, another gate to the Pacific, was taken care of with equal promptitude and with the same disregard of the rights of an American State. There was some dispute between the states of Costa Rica and Nicaragua respecting their limits on the San Juan, and England disposed of the difficulty by stretching the range of the Mosquito Indians about a hundred miles beyond what they had ever thought of claiming, and included in it the coveted port of San Juan. Its name was changed to Greytown, and British subjects of all shades of color—except perhaps pure white—were manufactured into a city government. Nicaragua protested against this spoliation of her territory as Honduras had done in the case of the Bay of Islands, and with as little effect. This strange, irresponsible pretence of a government signalized itself by the exactions and interferences it practised on the transit of American citizens and merchandise, and one bright day Capt. Hollins of the U. S. Navy demolished the town and government together under a rigorous reading of his instruction to demand satisfaction for injuries to our citizens.

This is another open question between this country and Great Britain, but the bombardment of Greytown will be easily passed over if the United States will lend the equivocal sanction of its silence to the occupation of San Juan and the permanent dismemberment of the State of Nicaragua. This the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations have determined to resist, and it is tolerably well understood that some of its members are preparing to meet this complication of foreign encroachments by introducing a bill suspending the neutrality law of 1818 in its application to England until that power shall satisfy the United States of its disposition to observe its treaty obligations and the general duties of international comity.

MAYOR WOOD is certainly a most remarkable personage. Were he not a chief magistrate, he would make an excellent mountebank. He plays antics such as no other civic functionary ever before performed, and, curious to say, he is not only tolerated, but gets credit for his harlequinades. His recent message to the new boards is a perfect gem in its way. It touches upon every conceivable topic, *de cunctis rebus et quibusdam aliis*—peace, war, commerce, industry and art—and would no doubt have included a disquisition on love, were not the Mayor a man of constitutionally frigid temperament. This comprehensive document was evidently penned to show General Pierce what a message should be, and the writer must have had visions of the White House looming in the distance when he penned it. Singular to say, there are persons who think the Mayor's message a very able and luminous one, and that the writer deserves some higher position than that of presiding over the small matters appertaining to civic government. To us, the whole character of his administration resembles very much that ludicrous episode in the inimitable work of Cervantes—Sancho Panza's government of the Island of Barataria—so much is our pompous chief magistrate the dupe of his own vanity and self-importance.

The mayor thinks that if he had more of "the one man power," he would be able to set straight all the abuses in our city government, and render it a little *imperium in imperio*—a model despotism in the centre of a republic. We should prefer not to try the experiment, for the evidences he has given, as far as he has gone, of autocratic talents, do not dispose us to think favorably of their further exercise. Where he has had power to act, he has not shown much discretion; and where he has attempted to set himself above the laws, he has not, like the governor of Barataria, substituted, for the wisdom of others, his own mother wit. In the police department, for instance, where he really has had power, he might have effected many important ameliorations; but, instead of the substance, he gave us only the shadow, duping us with a show of a desire to reward merit and punish delinquencies, but, in reality, only contributing to render the force as worthless and inefficient as before. Thus, while on the one hand, in imitation of more legitimate autocrats, he created a legion of honor to encourage men to do their duty, on the other, whenever he had an opportunity of appointing to vacancies in the department, he selected persons morally disqualified by their previous occupations for such a position—such as policy-office-keepers, bar-keepers, &c. Judging from such facts, we think it fortunate that our restless and ambitious chief magistrate has not had a wider latitude for the exercise of "the one man power." It's possession would have entirely turned his brain, and left him the daft monarch of his own ambitious dreams.

In our illustrated pages will be found not only a number of spirited and truthful pictures connected with the Resolute, but also a carefully-prepared history of the original purpose of the ship, together with many interesting incidents relating to her recovery not heretofore published. The history of the Arctic Seas affords several examples of abandoned vessels, some of which have been connected with incidents of thrilling interest. An early record alludes to one vessel, the loss of which, on examination, showed that it must have floated upon fields of ice for more than forty years. There was a whale ship abandoned a few years since, and more than a year afterwards she was found but a few yards distant from where she was last seen; everything was in order, and in this condition she was brought into her shipping port. The particulars regarding the Resolute are now before the world. Dr. Kane abandoned the brig Advance on the 17th of May, 1855, and it is possible, if the Esquimaux in the country do not destroy her, that she may yet fall into the possession of some lucky Capt. Buddington, and once more take a place among the active living vessels that enliven the oceans, and contribute to the comfort and intellectual wealth of the human race.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.

As the bitterness of party strife passes away, each year the nation seems more and more disposed to honor the memory of the old "hero-statesman." The secret of this may be found in the fact, that Gen. Jackson was an honest man, full of true American impulses. Now that his faults—and he was human—are softened by the charity-dispensing influence of the grave, all of them seem to lean to "virtue's side," and the pulse of individuals and of multitudes beats high with exultation at the very mention of General Jackson's name. The very discipline which he introduced into party, at the time so widely condemned, is now felt to be a desirable necessity; for old grey-headed office-holders at Washington, lamenting over the disorganization of the House, sigh when they recall the good old times when the President could command his adherents, and coerce them to their specified business. General Jackson was born in Medglenburg county, North Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767. His father was one of a number of Scotch-Irish families who emigrated to North Carolina, in 1755. Five days after he was born, the infant and two brothers were made truly orphans by the death of their father. A month later, the widow and her orphans crossed into South Carolina, and made their home on the Waxaw, twenty miles north of the present Lancaster court-house. There the future hero passed the years of his infancy, and received the first impressions that were to give character to the whole of his eventful life.

The Waxaw settlers, among whom young Andrew lived, were eminent for unyielding republicanism, became the special object of British hatred. A party, under Major Coffin, a Loyalist from the North, was sent to capture or destroy them. The settlers resisted, but were dispersed, and at the house of a relative, Robert and Andrew Jackson were made prisoners. Coffin displayed neither the magnanimity of a true soldier, nor the feelings of a gentleman. He allowed his brutal followers to insult the females, destroy the furniture, and plunder the drawers of the family where his young prisoners were taken; and he insulted and abused the lads without measure. He swore he would crush their rebel spirits by making them supple servants of his will, and began the degrading discipline by ordering Andrew to clean his muddy boots. The young hero, not yet fourteen years of age, proudly refused, and demanded treatment proper for prisoners of war. The cowardly ruffian could not appreciate the manly spirit of the boy, but in fierce anger he drew his sword, and aimed a murderous blow at the lad's head. It was parried by Andrew's left arm, but he received a wound in the hand, which he bore to his grave. Robert was then ordered to perform the menial service. He as promptly refused, when Coffin gave him a severe sword-cut upon his head, from the effects of which he never recovered.

With twenty other prisoners, Andrew and his brother were placed on captured horses, and compelled to travel to Lord Rawdon's camp at Camden, forty miles distant, without food or drink. Their brutal guard would not allow them even a dog's privilege of lapping water from the brooks by the way. At Camden they were confined in a redoubt, with about two hundred and fifty others, where they were compelled to sleep on the ground, to eat bad bread without meat, to be taunted with the name of *rebel*, and to suffer robbery of their clothing by the ruffianly Tories who filled the royal camp.

In the month of April, 1784, Gen. Greene made his appearance, and invited Lord Rawdon forth to battle. The prisoners heard of the presence of Greene; and Andrew Jackson, by persevering labor with an old razor, made a hole in the board side of the inclosure, and saw with gladness the glittering arms of his countrymen. But his joy gave place to trembling when he heard the heavy tread of the British troops, marching stealthily from Camden to fall upon Greene, while it was evident that the latter had no suspicions of the movement. Oh, how eagerly he watched the Americans carefully cleaning their arms, washing their clothing, or reclining at ease, while he knew the foe, secret and fierce as a tiger, would soon spring upon them! Then he saw the conflict of the pickets on the eastern slope, the hurried preparation for action, and the confusion of the patriot troops. With fluttering heart and broken accents he reported every movement to the eager-listening prisoners; and when, at length, he shouted, "*Colonel Washington has swept the field, and Rawdon is retreating!*" his half-famished companions cried, "*Victory and deliverance!*"

Alas! victory did not remain with the Americans, and deliverance was deferred for a season. Greene was defeated, and the unhappy prisoners saw no star of hope amidst the clouds of the future.

But an angel of deliverance soon appeared. The mother of the Jacksons, impelled by a parent's love, hastened to Camden to plead for the release of her sons. By an exchange of prisoners they were delivered to her; but they were mere shadows of those blooming boys who had left her embrace a few weeks before. The wound on Robert's head, untouched by nurse or surgeon, was a fearful sight for a mother's eye; and both of them were emaciated by privations and the ravages of disease. With five released neighbors, the widow and her sons started for their distant home. There were but two horses for the whole company. Mrs. Jackson rode one, without saddle or bridle, and the sick and wounded Robert was placed on the other. Too weak to sit upright, he was held by his stronger companions; while Andrew, with the small-pox covering his skin, barefooted and half-naked, walked. Robert lived only two days; and for almost a fortnight Andrew was delirious with a raging fever. The mother expected to be childless. But God decreed otherwise; and the germ of the future hero and statesman was mercifully preserved in that hour of peril.

These interesting incidents in the early life of Andrew Jackson, subjected him to a discipline, that evidently gave character to his future conduct, and made him so distinguished for his hatred of oppression in whatever form it presented itself.

The decision of Jackson's character was displayed in his boyhood. Up to seventeen he was thoughtful and wild, and became quite conspicuous for his dissipation amongst the young men of his own age. At eighteen a change came over him, as complete as it was sudden, and he commenced the foundation of his future eminence. Choosing the profession of law, he received his license in 1786, and, without solicitation on his part, was appointed Solicitor of the Western District of North Carolina, now known as Tennessee.

Early in 1790 Jackson made Nashville his residence; and in the family of Mrs. Donelson, widow of Colonel Donelson, an emigrant from Virginia, he found an agreeable home. He also found immediate and ample employment in his profession. Nashville was then the chief trading station in the territory, and in that vicinity a great number of young adventurers, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, had congregated. Relieved from the restraints of law and moral teachings, they lived prodigally, became heavily involved in debt to the merchants, and having secured the exclusive services of the only lawyer in that region before Jackson's arrival, they laughed at the futile efforts of their creditors to enforce payment. A sudden reverse awaited them. The merchants placed their claims in the hands of Jackson for prosecution, and on the morning after his arrival in Nashville he issued seventy writs against the delinquents. Alarmed and irritated, they resolved to drive him from the country, either by violence or the force of personal annoyances, by embroiling him with strong bullies, who were ever eager for fight. They misjudged the character of the man. He did not waver a line in the path of moral and professional duty; and his fidelity to truth and justice was rewarded by a lucrative practice, and the office of Attorney General of the district.

In 1790, the people of Tennessee elected him to a seat in the U. S. Senate, presided over at that time by Thomas Jefferson. Apparently unambitious of national representation, he resigned his seat at the close of the first session after his election, returned to Tennessee, and was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court. The country at this time was new, and of course filled with lawless men. Personal courage was necessary to exert a moral influence. Jackson had both. Illustrative of this we have an incident occurring while he was on the bench. A desperate man of giant frame had been indicted for the crime of cutting off the ear of his infant, while in a state of drunkenness. The sheriff informed Judge Jackson that the brute was in the court-house yard, armed with a dirk and two pistols, and that he refused to be arrested. "He must be taken," said the Judge; "summon the people to your aid." The sheriff cunningly waited until the court adjourned for dinner, when he summoned the judges as a part of the posse comitatus. "I will attend," promptly responded Jackson, "and see that you do your duty." Then taking a loaded pistol, he said to the sheriff, "Advance and

secure the miscreant." The criminal's eyes flashed with anger and desperate resolution. Seeing the sheriff hesitate, Judge Jackson advanced, and fixing his keen gaze upon the felon, he bade him surrender instantly. The lip of the strong man quivered: the weapons fell from his hand, and he stammered out, "I will surrender to you, Sir, but to no one else." The people were astonished at the triumph; and from that time no one pretended to dispute the authority of Judge Jackson.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the spring of 1814, the great allied armies of Europe approached Paris in triumph, the Emperors of Russia and Prussia entered that city, and Napoleon retired to Elba, the peace of the Continent seemed secure, and many British troops were withdrawn. Almost twelve thousand of them, chiefly veterans who had served under Wellington in the Peninsula, were borne by a British fleet to the Gulf of Mexico; and toward the close of the year approached the waters near New Orleans. They were commanded by the experienced Sir Edward Pakenham, who felt certain of an easy conquest of that city and of the entire southwest portion of our Republic. It was this imminent danger that caused messengers to speed to Mobile and urge Jackson to hasten to the defence of the apparently doomed city. It was a theatre of duty precisely suited to his desires and his genius, and he promptly obeyed the summons of Governor Claiborne and others. He found the people in a state of great alarm, without an adequate military force to avert the blow. His presence inspired courage, yet the co-operation of the civil authorities was too weak for the emergency. Without hesitation, he took all power into his own hands, declared the city and vicinity under martial law, and bent all his energies to the task of gathering an army and the preparation of defences. Before the close of December, he had completed a line of intrenchments a mile in length, from the bank of the Mississippi, four miles below the city, to a dense cypress swamp, and had organized an army of full five thousand men. He had over two thousand Kentuckians, twenty-five hundred Tennesseans, Louisiana militia, Mississippi dragoons, and a brigade of mounted men under General Coffee.

The British fleet entered Lake Borgne, and captured a flotilla of American gun-boats; and on the 22d of December twenty-five hundred British troops landed and took post on the Mississippi, nine miles below New Orleans. On the following evening a strong party of Americans, led by Jackson in person, attacked the invaders, and killed and wounded about four hundred of them, but were repulsed with a loss of more than one hundred of their own number. Jackson then fell back to his intrenchments, which, on two occasions afterward, suffered severe cannonading by the enemy.

On the morning of the memorable 8th of January, 1815, General Pakenham advanced toward the American lines, at the head of nine thousand men, leaving a reserve of three thousand at his camp. Jackson had now about three thousand expert marksmen behind his intrenchments, or stationed at the several batteries on his extended line; but not more than three thousand of them were well supplied with arms. All was silent behind those breastworks until the British had approached within heavy gunshot of the batteries, when a signal was given, and a terrible cannonade was opened. Undaunted by the havoc made, the veterans steadily advanced until within range of the American rifles, when volley after volley poured a deadly storm of lead upon the invaders. The British line soon began to waver. Then Pakenham fell, mortally wounded, and the entire army fled in dismay. They left seven hundred dead, and more than a thousand wounded, upon the field; while the Americans had only seven killed and six wounded! The enemy retreated to their camp, and then to their shipping, and escaped. Had promised supplies reached Jackson in time, the whole British force might have been captured.

The victory at New Orleans was thorough and complete. It was the crowning act of the second war for Independence; for already Commissioners of the two governments had signed a treaty of peace. The Key City of the south-west was saved in its hour of peril—Pakenham's significant watchword, "*Booby and Beauty*," became the point for ridicule—and when, twelve days afterward, Jackson entered the town with his victorious army, he was hailed as a LIBERATOR. A day was appointed for public thanksgiving, and, as the hero walked to the Cathedral, children in white robes strewed his way with flowers, and sweet voices chanted an ode. Within the sacred fane the *Te Deum laudamus* was sung, and Bishop Dubourg placed a chaplet of laurel upon the victor's brow. It was an ovation and a crowning equal in significance and dignity to that of a Titus or a Trajan. As soon as horses' hoofs could carry the news, the victory became known throughout the Union, and the name of Jackson was everywhere mingled with the hosannas of the people. He was the idol of deepest enthusiasm, and public sentiment was ready to apotheosise him. State Legislatures and the Federal Congress thanked him, and the nation as one man, joined in his praise.

Commenting upon this great military victory, the author of the volume just published, entitled "Jackson and Revolution," justly remarks, that "there is no campaign in modern military history, which, for its extent, was more complete in all its parts, and more brilliant in its results, than that conducted by Andrew Jackson in 1814-15, in the defence of New Orleans. In the brief period of twenty-six days, a town of less than eighteen thousand inhabitants, including all sexes and ages, without forts—natural or artificial defences—exposed to approach and attack on all sides, by land and water—with an army of less than five thousand militia, hastily raised *en masse*, and ill armed and accoutred—was not only successfully defended against a veteran army of ten thousand of the best soldiers in the world, but was made forever glorious by the most brilliant victory, which has been achieved since the invention of gunpowder. The peculiarities of this victory are the astonishing and unprecedented disparity of loss between the combatants, and the marvellous proofs of steadiness, of skill, and rapidity in the use of fire-arms, displayed by the American militia.

"It is demonstrable that in every aspect in which it may be viewed, the defence of Sebastopol in 1854-55 by the Russians, against the allied armies of Great Britain and France, is far less remarkable as a military exploit, than the defence of New Orleans in 1814-15; whilst the operations of the Allies have displayed less resolution and energy than were evinced by the veteran army of Pakenham. The occurrence of the former operations presents a favorable occasion for the reproduction of the facts of the last-named campaign, in which will be found some remarkable coincidences, with the events of the Crimean Expedition. Thus, it will be perceived that the failure of the one, and the disastrous delays of the other expedition, may be traced to the same cause, namely the lack of promptitude and decision in the commander of the attacking party. It is conceded on all sides that if the Allied Army had advanced upon, and stormed Sebastopol immediately after the victory at Alma, it could have entered and captured the town. So, it is equally clear that General Keane could have marched into New Orleans after the battle of the 23d December 1814. The strength of earth-works against the most powerful batteries, which was so strongly shown in Jackson's defence, was again illustrated on the southern side of Sebastopol, against the same British Engineering-officer who constructed the redoubts which Jackson's artillery destroyed in three hours on the plains of Chalmette, on the first of January 1815; this unfortunate officer is Sir John Burgoyne, Inspector of Fortifications in the British army. The lesson at New Orleans should have taught another wholesome truth to the projectors of the Crimean Expedition—that of the great peril and difficulty of all attempts to capture a town, the communication of which, with the interior, is left open and unobstructed. In this respect the position of New Orleans and Sebastopol was identical. Finally these two campaigns have demonstrated this other valuable and encouraging truth; that in the most remote and exposed points of a United nation, we often find the most brilliant proofs of patriotism, courage, and devotion."

Our space will not permit us to follow Jackson through all the leading incidents of his life. Enough has been given to show the material out of which was made the "hero who commanded at the battle of New Orleans." The opportune anniversary of which, has more particularly called forth our biographical sketch, and caused us to occupy our pictorial pages with appropriate and splendid illustrations.

The San Joaquin Tule Flats, thought to be the most worthless lands in California, from their being subject to overflow, and covered with tules, have lately been put under cultivation for the raising of pea nuts. The vine producing this nut, thrives vigorously there, and an abundant crop was expected this season. The basket willow is also a native of that region and the manufacture of willow-ware from it has been commenced in Sacramento city. The flats are also adapted to the raising of the orange cranberry, a product of much value.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE LIFE OF A SCOUNDREL.—A young woman named Ellen Murphy, attempted to kill a blackhearted scoundrel named Jeremiah Conklin. It appears, according to Ellen's statement, partially corroborated by Conklin's admissions, that Conklin had courted her for the past two years, in New York. The fiend, Conklin, drugged her, and while in an insensible state, robbed her of her honor. When she became conscious and learned the state of affairs, she was almost distracted. He calmed her by telling her he would marry her. In a few months more she began to show signs of being *enchantée*. Then Conklin proposed that Ellen should go to Cincinnati and live with his mother until all should be over, when he would follow and marry her. She heard that Conklin, who is a tailor, was at work in this city, and that he resided at 176 Fourth street. She went to his residence, and found that he, the despoiler of her virtue and happiness, was, as she had heard, the husband of another. She implored and prayed him to give her some relief, when he told her to leave the house or else he would kick her into the street. She did leave, violently assailed with a fixed and determined purpose in view. She procured a dirk knife, returned to Conklin's residence, and asked him once more for relief, and upon his threatening to kick her into the street, she stabbed him in the neck.—*St. Louis Herald*.

JEREMIAH TAYLOR, Pastor of Con. Church, Wenham, writes as follows:
God speed the right! G. W. Lucas, Esq., lectured in this place last evening upon the present condition and want of Church Music. His address was exceedingly instructive and useful. He is a perfect iconoclast in his way, showing no mercy to the idols which fashion and a vitiated taste have introduced into the house of God.—Having removed what is wrong, he plunges sin as a field, breaks up the fallow-ground and sows the seed for delightful worship and praise.
Maple Hill Manse,
Wenham, Dec. 29, 1855.

THE ALLEGED MURDER OF A DAUGHTER IN BOSTON.—The Coroner's jury summoned to investigate the circumstances attending the death of a young woman named Joanna Gallivan, at a house in Congress street, have returned a verdict that while sick with inflammation of the lungs she was violently assaulted and beaten by her father, Michael Gallivan, and that she died at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the 20th inst., from the combined effects of the disease and the assault above mentioned. There was no evidence to substantiate the allegations of further brutality on the part of the father to the daughter, as has been stated, and the chief evidence of his beating her is his own confession. The son testified that at one time he could not obtain admittance to the residence of his father, but supposed the reason to be that both father and daughter were too drunk to admit him.—*Boston Traveller*, Jan. 1.

IRELAND.—A correspondent of the London *Times*, in commenting upon the progress of Irish agriculture, states that during the past fourteen years the value of farm stock in Ireland has increased from £22,000,000 to £25,000,000 sterling, and that the number of horned cattle has risen from 2,000,000 to 3,250,000, while the quality has correspondingly improved. Still, however, of the 20,000,000 of acres which Ireland comprises, only about one-fourth is under direct tillage, and full one-third is in pasture.

THE SHIP RESOLUTE—HER RECOVERY—HIGHLY INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

In the year 1852, the government of England determined to make a last effort to discover the remains of Sir John Franklin. Five vessels, the *Pioneer*, *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Intrepid*, and *Investigator*, were selected. The departure of the fleet from Woolwich was witnessed by admiring thousands, and a universal prayer went up, that its destined object should be accomplished, and that all engaged should return in safety to their homes.

The situation of these ships while engaged in their arduous task everywhere excited fears for their safety. The official reports of the progress of the expedition were always unfavorable. On the 15th of August, 1852, Sir Edward Belcher sailed up Wellington Straits in the *Assistance*, while Captain Kellett in the *Resolute* proceeded in an easterly direction towards Melville Island. The *Investigator*, Captain McClure, was also cruising in the same latitude. The vessels became fastened in the ice, and it was found, after wintering in them one year, that it would not be safe to remain much longer. The government being acquainted with these facts, it was determined to send the *Phoenix* and the *Talbot* out to the relief of the prisoners in the ice, and accordingly these vessels were properly fitted out, and under the command of Captain Inglefield were despatched for the Arctic regions, with orders to release the crews of the *Resolute*, *Investigator*, and *Assistance*, and withdrawing the fleet from further search of Sir John Franklin. Among the detailed instructions the government directed that

"If the crews of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* are at Banks' Land, they must abandon their ships; and every endeavor should be made to get them to Beechey Island, that they may return to England. If this has already been effected, and Captain Kellett, with his ships, has returned from Melville Island, you are immediately to proceed to England with the whole of the ships and their crews, abandoning all further search for the missing expedition, unless any circumstances (on consultation with the senior officers of Her Majesty's ships) should induce you to believe that your remaining out another year would tend to clear up the fate of our missing countrymen. But if Captain Kellett has been unable to move from his position at Melville Island, it may be necessary to give orders to him to abandon the *Resolute* and *Intrepid*, and secure his retreat to Beechey Island."

Acting under the above orders, Sir Edward Belcher decided to abandon the ships, as near as can be ascertained by the last entry in the *Resolute's* log about the 1st of May, 1854, and set sail for home in the *Phoenix* and *Talbot*. Capt. Kellett, of the *Resolute*, having great faith in the strength and endurance of his vessel, endeavored to induce Sir Ed. Belcher to let him remain and winter the season out. He urged his arguments strongly, saying that it would not be a very hard matter to pick out a crew from all the vessels and put it on board the *Resolute*, on which he would be willing to remain behind. His object in remaining was to assist Capt. Collinson, who was also a captive in the ice, but at some distance from the Belcher fleet. The commander of the fleet was not willing, however, to allow Captain Kellett to remain behind; and although he granted him some days grace from the 15th of May, (the day ordered for the abandonment of the fleet,) still Captain Kellett was not satisfied with the order, and when he did leave the vessel, it was with the greatest reluctance.

The crews of the *Investigator*, *Resolute*, and *Assistance* were then placed on board of the *Phoenix* and the *Talbot*, and were, along with their commanders, conveyed home to England. Although Sir Edward Belcher had orders from the Admiralty, which in the eyes of many would have justified him in abandoning the vessels, yet he and his comrades, Messrs. McClure, Kellett and Richards, were tried by court martial for not properly performing the duties allotted to them. The result of the investigation placed Sir Edward Belcher in rather an unpleasant situation, although he was acquitted of the charge preferred against him. The swords of Captains McClure and Kellett were handed back to them with a complimentary speech, while Captain Belcher's was returned in silence. This action on the part of the Admiralty in reference to Sir Edward Belcher's case was almost tantamount to a conviction in the eyes of the world and his fellow officers.

On the 29th of May, 1855, the bark George Henry, Capt. James M. Buddington, and a crew of seventeen men, sailed from New London, Conn., bound on a whaling voyage. In the course of a few weeks the bark was surrounded by ice. On the 20th of August, in lat. 67° N., the ice became penetrable, and the bark was able to force its way in a southerly direction nearly two hundred miles. A storm then came up, and the bark became unmanageable, and for three days drifted in the floe of ice still in a southerly direction. On the 10th of Sept., in lat. 67° N., while hemmed in with fields of ice, Capt. Buddington discovered a ship in the distance. He first signaled the ship, but receiving no answer, he ascended the rigging, and looking through his glass, pronounced the stranger an *abandoned vessel*. The two ships, by some unexplained cause of attraction, kept continually nearing each other. For five days they were thus neighbors, the intervening floating ice constantly moving out of the way. On the eighth day after making the discovery, the 17th of Sept., and when the then unknown ship was seven miles off, Capt. Buddington ordered Mr. Quale, the mate, and two of the crew to proceed to the vessel across the packed ice, and after ascertaining her character, to return to the bark as quickly as possible. Soon after the departure of the party, a "sou'easter" sprung up, and in consequence thereof, no communication was had between the exploring party and the bark for two days.

The mate and his companions, when they came up with the vessel, found the ice piled up in solid rifts around her. She was lying over on the larboard side, heading to the eastward. With the superstitious feeling natural to sailors, they for a long time hesitated to go on board. Finally, stealing over the side, they found every thing stowed away in proper order for desertion—spars hauled up to one side and bound, boats piled together, and hatches closed. Every thing wore the silence of the tomb. Finally, reaching the cabin

door they broke in, and felt their way in darkness to the table. On it they accidentally turned on a box of lucifer matches; in a moment one was ignited, the glowing light revealed a candle; it was lighted, and before the astonished gaze of these men was exposed a scene that appeared to be rather one of enchantment than reality. Upon a massive table was a metal teapot, glistening as if new; also a large volume of Scott's family Bible, together with glasses and decanters filled with choice liquors. Near by was Captain Kellett's chair, a piece of massive furniture, over which had been thrown, as if to protect this seat from vulgar occupation, the royal flag of Great Britain. There was also another object of especial attention, a stove, either of brass or bronze, of peculiar construction, which at the time it was first seen by our tars was shining with burnished brilliancy.

The exhilarating effect of the discovered liquors upon Quale and his companions soon dissipated the ghosts of the dead they at first supposed were still attendant upon the ship, and in their migrations they opened the private wine-locker in the captain's cabin. The first thing turned out was a basket of champagne, another followed, and then commenced a popping of corks, which sounded unusually comforting, considering the howling of the distant storm that now raged without. For two days these agreeable revels continued, when Quale, having satisfied himself thoroughly of the merits of the discovery returned to "head-quarters" and reported the result of his examination, announcing that the ship was the *Resolute*, one of the fleet under the command of Sir Edward Belcher. Captain Buddington, on becoming fully acquainted with the prize, determined that a British government vessel was of more commercial value than whales, while at the same time there was considerable glory in restoring to the living breathing world a famous ship supposed to have been long since sunken in the yawning grave of the sea. His first idea was to select his best men and send her home, if it were possible, in their conduct; he then changed his mind, and determined to take charge of the prize himself.

On the 17th of September, Capt. Buddington for the first time took possession of the *Resolute*, and stayed on board that night; on the next day he proceeded to examine her condition. On descending the hold, she was found to be entirely full of water up to the floor of the first deck. The well was then sounded, and seven feet of water was discovered to be in the ship. The pumps were then visited, and being of a new construction, none but Capt. B. was acquainted with the mode of working them. One of them, which was a force pump of very great power, was rigged, and the following morning was got in working order. A gang of men was then set to work, and for three days the pump was kept busy. Fourteen hours out of the twenty-four were consumed in thus freeing the vessel. On the third day all the water was cleared from her hold, and the attention of the captain was turned towards extricating the prize from the dangerous position she was then placed in. After incredible exertion, the vessel was finally freed from ice and water on Sunday, the 23rd, when she righted. The day following, Capt. Buddington and his party went to work at the rigging, getting it straight, and preparing to make sail, hanging the rudder, which was found on deck. In a week the canvas of the *Resolute* was bent, and she was in a position to make sail. The ice would occasionally open, and the vessel would make a little advance, sometimes half a ship's length, and sometimes several lengths, in a south-east direction. When the *Resolute* was freed from the floating ice, Cape Elizabeth was in sight.

As we have already stated, Capt. Buddington, upon second thought, resolved to take command of the prize himself, and on the 21st, with a crew of ten men, he squared away for New London. Among the difficulties the captain had to contend with, was the want of proper navigation instruments to work the vessel. His compass was not trust-worthy, he was without a chronometer, and had no other map than a rough outline of the great American coast, drawn on a *sheet of foolscap*. With these poor appliances the brave Buddington took his place on the deck of the *Resolute*, which, nearly two years previously, the gallant Kellett so reluctantly deserted by order of Sir E. Belcher. Bidding adieu to his comrades of the *George Henry*, and trusting to Providence, but relying a great deal upon his practical experience in arctic navigation, he started on his eventful journey home. Soon after Capt. Buddington got fairly under weigh, the British bark *Alibi* hove in sight, and, on being signalled, came alongside the *Resolute*. The news of the recovery was communicated to Capt. Stuart, of the British bark, and a pair of Capt. Kellett's epaulettes, found on board the abandoned vessel, were entrusted to him by Capt. Buddington, with instructions to have them forwarded to the owner as speedily as possible. A letter for the owners of the *George Henry*, informing them of what had occurred, was also placed in the hands of Capt. Stuart, who promised to mail it immediately on his arrival in Great Britain.

On the homeward voyage Capt. Buddington experienced every possible privation and hardship. The ballast-tanks had burst in the hold long before he came in possession of her, which made the ship light and disposed to roll in the trough of the sea.

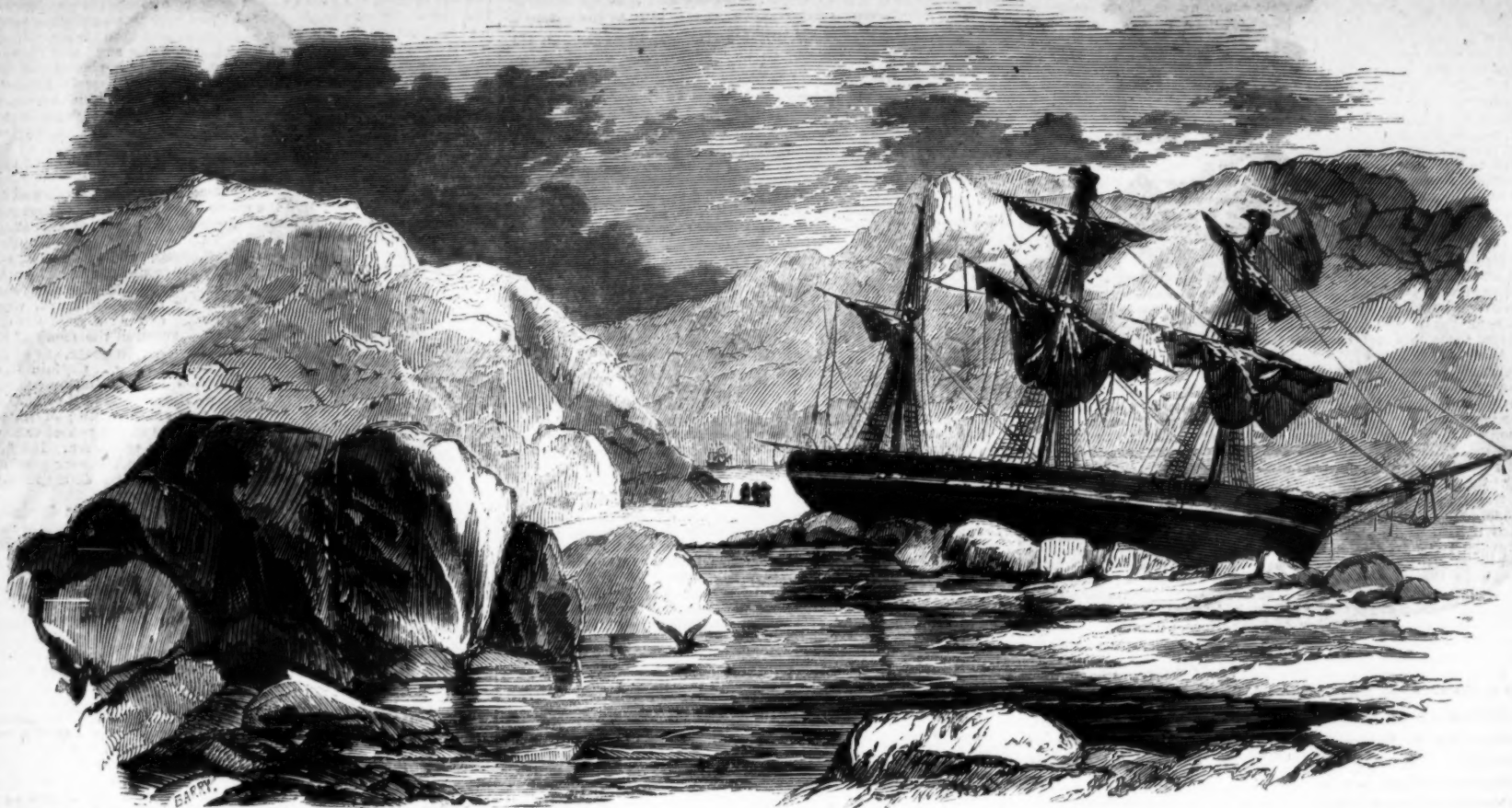
Gale after gale poured its fury upon the ship, at times driving it helpless amid the waste of water and ice. No danger on account of her great strength was anticipated of her being sunk by the fies of ice on which she was constantly driven, but there was a period in the history of the brief voyage when the lives of all on board hung, as it were, by a thread. When a little to the north of the Banks of Newfoundland, the *Resolute* came in contact with a towering iceberg, on the summit of which was a detached piece of ice of many tons weight, and which the captain expected every moment would topple down upon the vessel and sink the prize so gallantly obtained. So great was the danger that the boats were all in readiness to push off, should the overhanging glacier be precipitated upon them. Night and day Captain Buddington and his gallant crew remained at their posts. The crew not having shipped in the *Resolute*, every man was more or less his own master, all discipline had to be effected by persuasion, there was no command given on board. "For sixty hours at a time," says Captain Buddington, "I frequently had no sleep, and would sometimes sink utterly exhausted and wake to my own astonishment in some part of the cabin." His hands became almost helpless with the labor of working the ropes, and still show the severe discipline through which they had passed. In fact so great was the physical suffering and mental anxiety of the gallant old tar that he freely confesses he would not go through the same scene for the salvation of a fleet of abandoned ships. His noble perseverance, however, was successful, and a few days after the safe arrival at New London of the *George Henry*, on Sunday morning, December the 24th, one hundred and six days after he took possession of his prize he dropped anchor in the harbor of his destined port. His desire to save the *Resolute* was accomplished.

The moment the anchor was down, Capt. Buddington ran up the Royal Ensign. The astonishment abroad at the appearance of a strange vessel, with top gallant masts down was exceedingly great, but when the British flag was planted in the faces of the admiring crowd, Sunday as it was, the determination was at once taken to carry the ship by storm. It is supposed that in the course of a few hours three hundred sailing craft of various sizes had encircled the stranger. A few months before, the *Resolute* was hugged in by the towering ice—all was solitude and desolation—how changed the scene! The eternal granite of the Arctic seas had disappeared, and in its place were gallant vessels crowded with living, admiring, enthusiastic beings, who, as they comprehended the great triumph of their fellow townsmen rent the air with joyous acclamation. The crew hailed their friends, and according to time-honored custom of celebrating "arrivals at home," made sad havoc among the choice wines and liquors of the *Resolute*. Oh, tell it not in Gath, nor publish it any where generally, the Maine Law was terribly scandalized, and many a good quiet New Englander, went home to his fireside that day with astonishing ideas of the warmth of the climate on board of an Arctic ship, and a strange ringing in his head that reminded him of crashing ice, and the singing of innumerable Jews-harps.

During the sixteen months the *Resolute* was without a human being to direct her course, she floated over some thousands of miles. In the opinion of Captain Buddington, if Captain Kellett had remained on board the *Resolute*, he would have perished with cold, the topmasts having already been consumed for fuel.

The ship was abandoned by those on board, fast locked in the centre of a field of ice, three hundred miles in extent, and could not have been less than one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest open water. Under such circumstances the British officers were fully justified in abandoning her as they did. It was a natural impossibility for them to have extricated themselves for at least a twelve-month, and very doubtful whether they could have done it all, before their provisions failed them, for though, when the Americans took possession of her, about eighteen months afterwards, she was well

THE BRITISH SHIP RESOLUTE.



THE RESOLUTE, AS SHE APPEARED IN THE ICE, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED BY CAPT. BUDDINGTON.

supplied, she had by no means enough on board to have lasted a crew consisting of seventy-five souls that length of time. With the generous feelings of a true sailor, Capt. Buddington is warm and earnest in declaring that Sir Edward Belcher as well as Capt. Kellett and his crew were perfectly justified in abandoning the ship. We trust that this testimony will redeem Sir Edward Belcher from the constructive condemnation that has ever rested upon his reputation since his sword was returned to him *in silence* by the Admiralty, after the official investigation into the circumstances attending the abandonment.



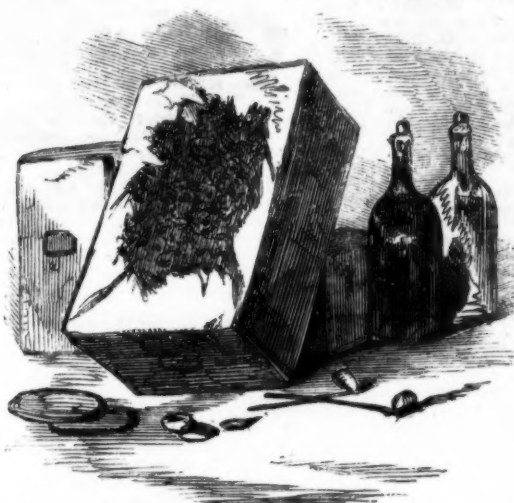
ARTICLES FOUND ON THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.



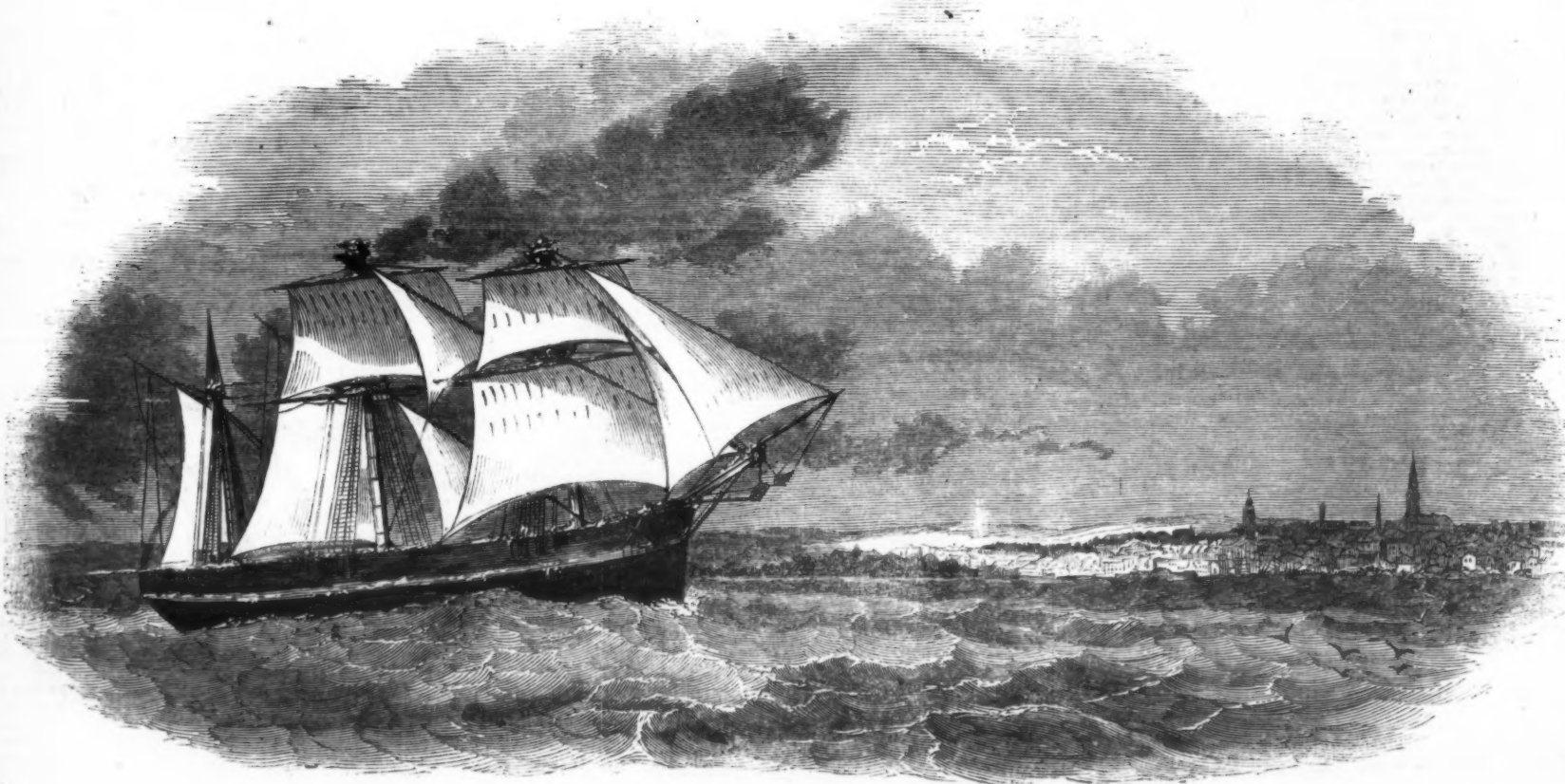
STOVE.

Our readers will remember, that in the magnificent picture we gave in No. 1 of Dr. Kane and his comrades, abandoning the Advance, which was drawn on the spot by one of Dr. Kane's party,

that the sails of that vessel were left hanging to the yards. The same disposition was made of those belonging to the Resolute, and although they had been bent on the standing rigging probably for more than two years, and most of the time furred, yet so preservative is an arctic atmosphere, that they brought her safely into New London.



PRESERVES, WINES, BISCUITS, &c.



THE RESOLUTE COMING INTO NEW-LONDON HARBOR.



SIR EDWARD BELCHER.

SIR E. BELCHER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY BEARD.
CAPTAIN SIR E. BELCHER, commander of the fleet including the Resolute, now so prominently before the public as the officer who ordered the abandonment of the vessel in the Arctic Seas, was born in 1799, and entered the British navy in 1812. For his services he was awarded a post-commission in 1841; the decoration of C. B. immediately following, and the honor of knighthood in 1843. His well known "Narrative of a voyage round the world, performed in H. M. S. Sulphur, during the years '36 and '43," fully develops his important services during the years alluded to. To Capt. Belcher is also attributed the authorship of a "Treatise on Nautical Surveying."

The Bellevue (Nebraska) Young America has information that the Sioux Indians propose peace with their old and inveterate enemies the Omahas, and expresses gratification at the prospect of a speedy termination of the warfare which has so long disturbed the frontier.

CAPT. J. M. BUDDINGTON, OF THE SHIP RESOLUTE.

(FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY S. P. DART, OF NEW LONDON.)

CAPT. JAS. M. BUDDINGTON was born Nov. 11, 1817, in the town of Groton, in the State of Connecticut. His boyhood was passed in hard work on a farm, occasionally varied by a few weeks schooling in the winter. At the age of sixteen, 1832, noticing that a vessel was about starting on a whaling voyage, to use his own language, "he dropped his hoe in the field and shipped on board," bound for the South Atlantic Ocean. The venture was successful and accomplished in eleven months. From that time to 1846, Captain Buddington made seven voyages, five in the Indian, and two in the North Pacific Ocean. His health failing he resolved to content himself at home. In 1853, he took charge of the brig Amoret and sailed for Northumberland inlet, on the west side of Davis' Straits. In this venture, which was the first successful trip the Captain made, he was inclosed in the ice nine months, the mercury from thirty to forty degrees below zero. In July of '54 the ice broke away, and he sailed for home. It must be remembered that the long dreary nine months were passed without any of the ameliorating advantages possessed by exploring ships; in fact, his brig was common in its appointments even for a whaler. In the month of May, '55, he took charge of the George Henry, again destined for Davis' Straits, with instructions, that if he were not successful "in filling up" to winter at that place. Nothing occurred worthy of note during the voyage. When the ship attempted to enter the strait, it was found nearly blocked up with ice, which obstructed her passage. The Capt. then went into Holsteinburg "and repaired." Finding that the obstructing "pack" could not be penetrated, the Captain visited Lievely and Horton, on the island of Disco. On the 20th of May, 1855, he again set sail for the "pack," across the mouth of Davis' Straits, and found it somewhat wasted away and scattered, and entered latitude 68 north, longitude 58 west, to the north of Cape Walsingham. In the course of five or six days he made the land, but immediately became beset with ice and drifted



Yours Truly
Jas. M. Buddington

down to Cape Mercy. While thus baffled in his intentions of reaching his intended whaling ground, on the 10th of September he first saw the Resolute, seven to ten miles distant, signaled but received no answer, whereupon Capt. Buddington decided she was an abandoned ship. Determining to bring the prize home, he accomplished it in sixty-three days from the time he got free from the ice. Capt. Buddington is a fine specimen of the American whaler. Open and frank in his manners, kind and hospitable ashore, and as fearless as a lion on his "native element" the sea. It is such men as Capt. Buddington who have really given us, as a nation, our naval supremacy; for of all schools, to graduate seamen in, none is equal to the college, in which the studies are recited in "triumphing over" the whale.

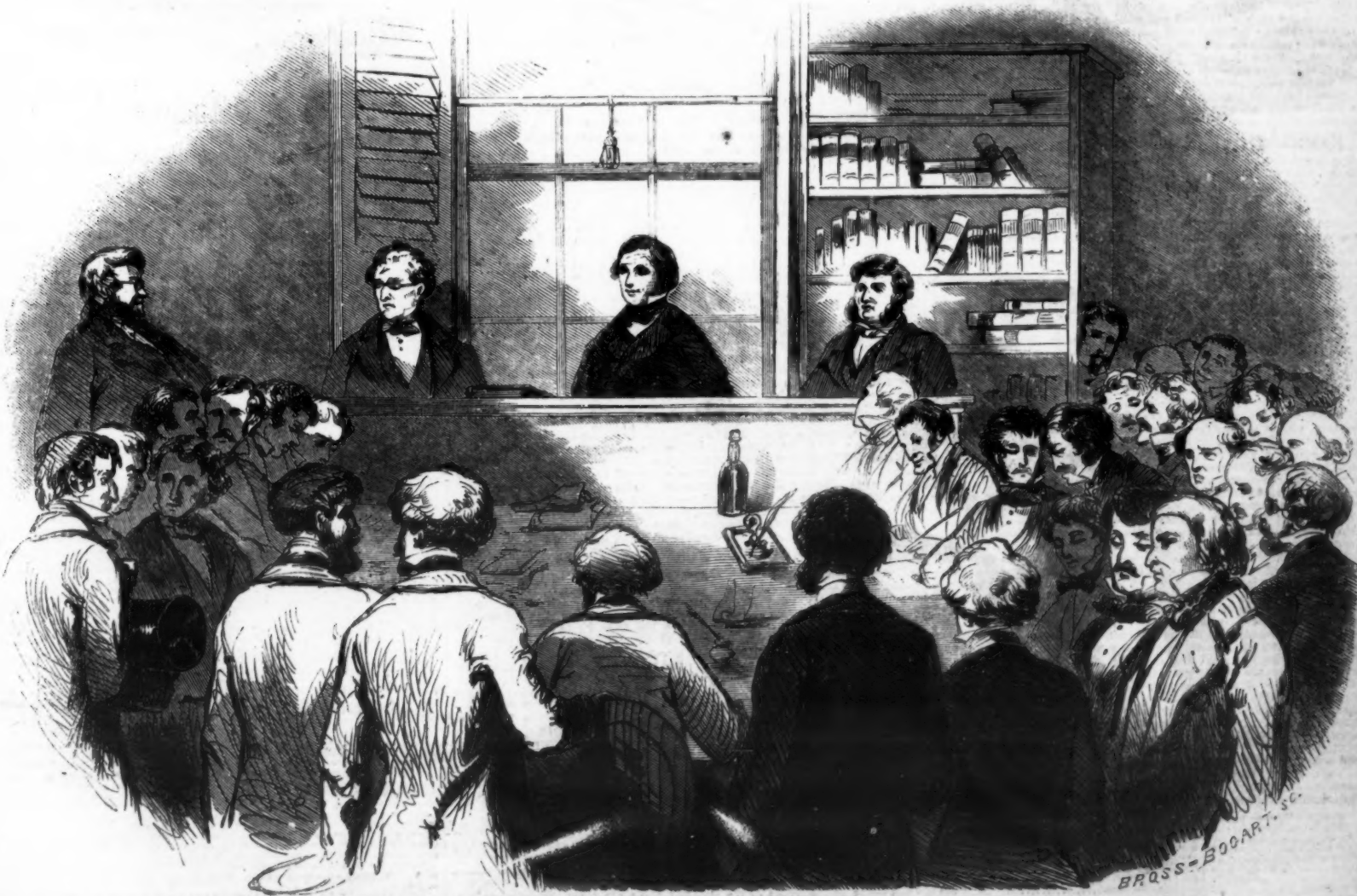


PLATE PRESENTED TO SEYMOUR J. STRONG, ESQ., NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO SEYMOUR J. STRONG, ESQ.

On the 31st of December, New Year's eve, the clerks in the Post-office, through Mr. Thomas Clark, presented to Seymour J. Strong, a handsome service of silver plate, consisting of five pieces. The reason of this presentation is set forth in the following extract, occurring in the correspondence which took place on the occasion:—

"It would be entirely superfluous for us (the clerks of the Post-office) to mention Mr. Strong's well-known official courtesy and efficiency, or to praise his uniform kindness of heart, and manly virtues. For many years he has been a faithful, able, and efficient officer; all associated with him have experienced and been the witnesses of his many acts of kindness and generosity. As an officer he has always been at his post; untiring in his efforts to promote the public service, he has secured the respect of the public, and the ardent attachment of his personal friends."



CHIEF MATELL.

RECORDER SMITH.

MAYOR WOOD.

JUDGE CAPRON.

TRIAL OF MATELL BEFORE THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

TRIAL OF MATSELL BEFORE THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

On Saturday, Jan. 6th, the trial of Matsell, Chief of Police, on the charge of alienage, was continued before the Police Commissioners. The recently appointed City Judge, E. S. Capron, was present, making a full board. Before any witnesses were examined, Judge Capron expressed his regret, that he had not heard the testimony elicited at the beginning of the trial; no objections having been made by plaintiff or defendant that he had not heard the commencement of the testimony, the trial proceeded. At the time of adjournment no important testimony had been elicited. Chief Matsell takes the matter very coolly and seems to feel assured that under any circumstances he will retain his place.

Our illustration is a literal representation of the prominent characters engaged in the investigation. This inquiry of the Chief's nationality, whatever may have been the motives which originated it, has gradually assumed a degree of importance which demands that it be pursued with energy and brought to a satisfactory termination, so far as the public is concerned. The press generally has treated the whole thing with a ridicule, which it did not intrinsically deserve. If Mr. Matsell is really an alien, he holds his office under false representations, and every citizen is interested in his removal. If on the contrary he is a citizen of the United States, he should so display himself, and end the embarrassments and annoyances this trial has given our country and city officials, to the obstruction of important business. That a great deal that is farcical has taken place already connected with this matter there is no doubt, but this trifling with the public and with grave matters, was not inherent to the investigation, but has arisen from the unpunished contempt of witnesses, who have with impunity defied the Aldermen interested in the investigation. We indulge the hope that the Police Commissioners before whom the inquiry is now in progress, will, by their fairness, promptness, and energy, let the public feel that the mystery is solved. If Matsell is entitled to his office let him be confirmed and strengthened by the decision of the commissioners, if not, let him be promptly removed, and a good man be put in his place. It has been in the Chief's power to settle this question of citizenship long ago, and his neglect to do so, has justly created a suspicion in disinterested minds. Let the commissioners do their duty and do it promptly. This holding court every Saturday afternoon looks to us very much like a disposition on the part of the commissioners, to trifle with the investigation, and unnecessarily prolong the excitement. What is the reason that the Mayor, Recorder Smith and Judge Capron cannot set the example to their underlings about the City Hall of a little expedition in public business?

MUSIC.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The remarks which we made relative to the causes of failure of the Operatic enterprise at this establishment, in our issue of December 22d, and the Gazette of Fashion for January, have been fully sustained and ably followed in an elaborate article upon Operatic affairs, which appeared in the Tribune of Saturday last. In our first article we traced the causes of failure of the past season to the mistaken policy of the management, but we did not go far behind that to seek for remote causes. In the Gazette of Fashion we made the following remarks, which the Tribune, a perfectly competent authority fully endorses:

"With the closing year, the past season has, without a doubt, been most disastrous. Without being in the secrets of the Treasury department, we think we shall not err on the side of exaggeration if we place the loss during the forty nights at thirty thousand dollars, which, added to the losses of the previous managements, makes a total loss since the opening of this establishment, now some fourteen months, of the enormous sum of ninety thousand dollars! With such facts staring us in the face, we may well doubt, if an Italian Opera can be established prosperously in our midst for many years to come. With the present enormous rent, twenty-four thousand dollars a year, and the added enormous tax upon the management of two hundred free admissions nightly and the choice seats secured to them for the whole year and for ever, no manager can ever hope to make a living profit out of the Academy of Music. Supposing each seat to be worth only one dollar and a half, and that one hundred performances a year, this, with the rent makes the sum of fifty-four thousand dollars per year, and may be considered a tolerable large interest upon the original capital of three hundred thousand dollars. The case would be even more tolerable if the admission tax ended with the two hundred individual admissions, but, and it is hardly to be credited, each admission is transferable, so that wealthy Mr. Jones not wishing to go to-night, gives his ticket to rich Mr. Smith, who does wish to go, and could have paid, but for the generosity of Jones. Thus the manager is doubly defrauded, yet cannot complain, for who shall say that Jones must not do as he likes with his own? The whole arrangement gives the lie direct to the vaunted liberality of the private gentlemen, who stepped forward and lavished their wealth for the sake of the art, and—something very near twenty per cent. on their capital!"

"If these gentlemen would give the house rent free, and take their seats as payment—and that would be more than legal interest—or, would charge the rent, and bind themselves to pay for their own seats every night, which would suit the management better, then, indeed, might they claim to have made some sacrifice for the sake of Art, but not until one of these suggestions is adopted. If their property becomes worthless for the purpose for which it was intended, they have only to thank themselves."

The writer in the Tribune after having shown by figures which cannot be contradicted, that the monthly expenses of the past season amounted to the enormous sum of \$21,330, exclusive of rent, interest and insurance, and proving that with these items added the nightly expenses of Mr. Paine were \$2,181, a sum beyond the power of any manager to pay and prosper; he puts forward the following proposition which is marked with strong common sense, and appears at first glance, to suggest a plan which would accomplish a double end, the permanent establishment not only of Italian Opera, but also of English Opera, which all true lovers of American Art earnestly look for and desire. We quote his remarks and shall consider them more fully in a future number:

"Having now shown what Italian Opera costs as performed upon one-third of the acting nights of the year, in a house devoted exclusively to it, by a company engaged by the week or month for short seasons, let us examine what it would cost given in conjunction with English Opera or other more expensive entertainments, such as ballet and Ravel-like pantomime, in the same house, open, theatre-fashion, every acting night; and if we show that 313 performances could thus in a year be afforded, including 150 of Italian Opera, in a style equal to that in which it is now presented—the whole 313 performances costing little more than the 100 are now said to cost—to ask why the Italian Opera may not in that manner be really established, and find its support from the much-abused 'mass of the people,' by offering it to them at prices of admission within their means."

"How this might be accomplished we will attempt to show. We are not sure that any Italian Opera manager has taken up the business here as a merchant enters upon one of equal magnitude, investing a sufficiently large capital, laying out plans for business years ahead, and making provision for possible losses as well as probable profits. On the contrary the Opera has been expected to pay its way month by month, or explode periodically. A manager to form a company perfectly should pass a year in Europe, travelling about to hear artists on the stage, and to make engagements, commencing when existing contracts should expire. This is the way in which good artists might be sought out, and if engaged for a long term, say one, two or three years, secured at salaries a half or third of those now usually paid. The American manager, on the contrary, generally goes or sends his agent to Europe a few months only before the commencement of his brief season. He must make his selection from the artists at the artists for the whole term. We believe, with good judgment, an Italian company of principal singers, in every respect equal to any that now engaged in Fourteenth street, and an English company equal to any that has appeared in New York, could for that period be secured, and all other salaries and expenses, even including the \$54,000 a year rent, be paid and the nightly expenses not exceed \$975. For it must be remembered that, with the exception of the double set of principal singers, hardly any more people need be employed or higher salaries need be paid for six performances a week than for three. The additional expenses being only door-keepers, ushers, policemen, supernumeraries, carpenters, gas, fuel, bill-printing, and a few insignificant items. The monthly expenses may be estimated thus—

ITALIAN COMPANY.	ENGLISH COMPANY.
One Prima Donna.....\$1,000	One Prima Donna.....\$1,000
One Contralto.....800	One Contralto.....800
One Comprimaria.....600	One Comprimaria.....600
One Second Donna.....400	One Second Donna.....400
One First Tenor.....1,200	One First Tenor.....1,200
One Alto.....400	One Alto.....400
One Second Tenor.....200	One Second Tenor.....200
One Baritone.....200	One Baritone.....200
One Bass.....1,000	One Bass.....1,000
One Buffo Bass.....800	One Buffo Bass.....800
One Serious Bass.....400	One Serious Bass.....400
One Second Bass.....200	One Second Bass.....200
	Total.....\$9,750

SALARIES AND OTHER EXPENSES COMMON TO BOTH COMPANIES.	
Fifty Orchestras.....\$2,000	Three Doorkeepers.....\$150
Forty Chorus.....2,000	Three Policemen.....150
Leader.....500	Treasurer.....25
Prompter.....100	Runner to Press.....25
Chorus Master.....100	Three Tailors.....150
Stage Manager.....100	Bill Posters.....150
Twelve Carpenters.....400	Hair Dressers.....80
Forty Supernumeraries.....400	Sweepers, Cleaners and Firemen.....120
Call Boy.....25	Gas.....800
Property Man and Boy.....75	All other expenses except rent.....200
Two Servants.....60	Rent.....5,500
Stage Doorkeeper.....50	
Two Gas Men.....80	Total.....\$25,245
Nine Ushers.....254	

"By the above estimate, based in regard to salaries of principal singers upon those who were actually paid to such artists as Bosio, Tedesco, Steffanoni, Laborde, Salvi, Benedetti, Badiali, Susini and others of equal grade, rather than the probably much reduced ones at which artists of equal ability could be secured by good management, and taking time by the forelock in the manner we have indicated, and calculated with regard to all other salaries and expenses on the most liberal scale, the monthly expenses add up \$25,248 or \$971 a night, twenty-six acting nights to the month. In the above estimate a rent is calculated at the enormous sum of \$54,000 a year. But if the stockholders would be satisfied with ten per cent. a year for their investment and take \$53,000 rent and supply the house with \$50,000 of scenery wardrobe and music, charging twenty per cent rent for that additional, the item of \$4,500 a month at the close of the above estimate would be reduced nearly one-half and the nightly expenses would not exceed \$870."

"The receipts of the New York theatres now amount to over \$2,000 a night, six nights a week, exclusive of any receipts of opera houses or concert. The Italian Opera expenses alone were said to be, according to the statement we have given from a contemporary, at the rate of \$25,000, about the same amount as, according to our calculation, two companies, the foreign Italian and the popular English, could be supported. The reader may judge from this of Italian operatic chances of success, based on the continuance of the present system with high prices, in comparison with that we have indicated or attempted at very moderate ones."

MR. MORGAN'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—Mr. Morgan who is well known and admitted to be a most excellent Organist, issued a Prospectus for four Pianoforte Recitals, at which he purposed to perform the piano works of the most celebrated classical writers for that instrument. In his Prospectus he states that "the object of these Recitals is to assist the student in the elucidation of the best works of the classical and modern schools of Pianoforte composition."

"With this view, various explanations will be given of the different styles of playing requisite for the perfect interpretation of the *chef d'oeuvre* of the great masters, and the most celebrated works of modern composers."

"By this mode of illustration on the instrument a clearer idea of the composer's meaning is conveyed, than can ever be effected by instruction or description, no matter how distinctly such may be defined."

This last paragraph admits of much dispute. This mode of practical illustration can only be of service when the executive powers of the listeners are fully equal to the performance of the works given in illustration; to all others it will prove perfectly useless. It may prove interesting to many in affording an immediate comparison between the various and marked styles of writing and the equally various and distinct styles of performance. But the degree of interest attached to such exhibitions will necessarily depend upon the capability of the performer who undertakes the task. Without detracting from the actual merits of Mr. Morgan we must distinctly state that he has undertaken a task far, very far beyond his power to carry out. We do not know of any one professor in this city or in the country who could perfectly accomplish so arduous an undertaking. Gottschalk would undoubtedly be the best interpreter of the various schools; for, in the first place, he is himself a pianoforte writer, and comprehends thoroughly the genius of the instrument and the character of the writings therefor; in the second place, his mechanism is so perfect and his executive power so ample, that he can play them all; and, in the third place, his studies have all been directed to this point; he has lived in an art atmosphere, and been in daily intercourse with the great masters of the instrument and the best living interpreters of the great schools. Still, we doubt if he would willingly undertake to illustrate every style, and we are very sure that there would be many who would dispute the correctness of his readings and the truth of his interpretations. No man is universal in his appreciation. Like will be attracted to like, and corresponding natures will assimilate. Some who will render a sonata by Beethoven instinct with life and soul, will possibly gambol as gracefully as an elephant through a Mazurka by Chopin, or a Romance by Henselt; while others, who could interpret all the tortuosities of Liszt, would utterly fail in rendering the simple, playful tenderness of Mozart, or the profound strictness of Brahms."

We have shown how hard was the task which Mr. Morgan undertook, and how possible it is that even a really great player might fail to accomplish it. We have done this designedly, that the verdict which our judgment compels us to give, may seem less harsh to him. Mr. Morgan, undoubtedly, meant well, but he overrated his powers immensely. Among the many other essentials which he lacks is, the executive power to play the pieces which were on his programme. Under these circumstances, we shall offer no detailed criticism upon his performance."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

MILLE RACHEL.—We learn from Havana that Milie Rachel has arrived there; but that her health is at present altogether too delicate to allow her to pursue her profession. Her prospects of success in Havana were flattering in the highest degree, the subscription for her performances having been taken up with avidity. With so flattering a prospect, it must be a source of much annoyance to her to be compelled to seclude herself from the public. She has expressed the belief that for the present, at least, she will be compelled to abandon her tragic characters, and confine herself, if she appears at all, to her lighter Comedy parts. We hope to hear that the luxurious climate of Havana has restored to health the greatest actress of the present day. Art could not afford to lose her."

We are informed on competent authority that Julien will positively visit America in March or thereabout.

Mr. Davidge, the well known favorite of the Broadway Theatre, has returned to this city after a successful tour through the West and Canada. He visits Pittsburgh in February, to fulfil an engagement there, from thence he will go South, perhaps as far as New Orleans, and revisit Canada sometime in April. Theodore Kelsfeld's Third Classical Quartette Soiree will take place at Dodworth's Rooms on the 22nd of the present month.

Mason and Bergman's Third Matinee will be given at the same place, on the 29th inst.

Mr. Morgan's Second Piano Forte Recital is announced to come off at Dodworth's on Thursday Evening, January 24th.

W. Y. Wallace. This eminent composer is at present located in Paris. His new Opera intended for the Opera House in Berlin, is fast progressing. Notwithstanding the many brilliant artistic fascinations which surround him in Paris, he looks with anxiety for the hour of his return. Were there any Opera House open here for the admission of a work in the English language, in all probability he would never have left New York. But all that a man can do with an Opera here, as things are constituted now, after he has written it is—to burn it."

THE DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—A new farce called "Catching a Mermaid," has been performed at this establishment during the past week. It has been moderately successful, Miss Manners and Mr. Chapman acting with much spirit and eliciting hearty laughter and applause.

"The magnificent Extravaganza," "King Charming" continues its successful career; it is now in its third week, and, from its present attractive powers, it is expected to run several weeks yet. In addition to this Fairy Spectacle, the Management will produce a grand Spectacle Drama called, we believe, the "Ice Witch," which will be supported by a strong cast, and will contain some splendid scenic effects, equal, if not superior, to anything before attempted at this theatre. With this piece and "King Charming," the management may anticipate full houses for some weeks to come.

LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.—A piece was produced at this establishment, on Monday evening last, called "The Palace and the Market."

The plot of this sketch, for it is little more than a sketch, is as follows. The business of the first act occurs at the court of Lonia the 14th. The King, Mr. Jordan, is deeply enamored of the new Maid of Honor, Adrienne, Miss Reynolds, and loves and is beloved by the Chevalier de Biron, Mr. Chandler. The king, to get him out of the way, commands his presence with the army; but Biron, fearing some danger to his love, remains concealed in the chamber of his uncle, the Chamberlain, Mr. Bass, to whom he has entrusted a letter for Adrienne, addressed to the Queen of the Market, Miss Laura Keene, claiming protection for his lady-love in case of need. The king, blinded by his passion, seeks an interview with Adrienne, and is attempting to force her from the apartment assisted by some of his people, when Biron, hearing her cries for help, comes to her rescue; the king draws and is disarmed by Biron, who is immediately made prisoner, and sent to the Bastille. The Queen hearing the clashing of swords, enters to learn the cause, but all parties are mum, and they immediately commence to dance the Gavotte or the Minuet."

In the second act, the scene is laid in the market of Paris. It is presumed that the ladies of the market had some rights and privileges, that of sanctuary, perhaps, made sacred by long custom and respected by those in power. Adrienne, in her extremity, delivers the letter of Biron to the queen of the market, who is his foster sister; the protection asked for is granted, and a note is sent to the king informing him of her whereabouts. He came, disguised, to seek her, and as the market-women appear not to know him, he receives some very wholesome though unpalatable advice. The two potentates however at length recognize each other, and the king signs a paper unread, presented by the queen who assures him on her queenly word that he will never regret the act, and then puts a case to him, about the cruelty of separating young and loving hearts, the tyrants remorse, and what reward would any one deserve who would save said tyrant said remorse? to which the king responds "everlasting gratitude." The order was the release of Biron, who now approaches with Adrienne. The king joins their hands and every one being happy, of course they dance the market dance."

The above is the whole of the plot, but there are some incidental points, which are *puissant* and amusing. The funny man of Court is the Chamberlain, Mr. Bass. The funny man of the market is Mr. Johnson, who represents a *retout* and simple minded fellow, but is only a funny man inasmuch as he is

the butt of others. Mr. Johnson acted the part well, and gave some vitality to the piece. Mr. Jordan has a certain courtly air about him which rendered his kingship Louis rather agreeable. Miss Keene made a very genial Queen of the Market; Miss K. Reynolds acted and looked the charming *Adrienne* to admiration; Mrs. Abbott proved a handsome Queen, and Mr. Chandler a somewhat diffident and indifferent lover. Mr. H. Hall, as the *Mother of the Market*, made up admirably, and acted with so much genuine humor, that he kept the house in roars of laughter all the time he was upon the stage."

The grand *Pas de Bouquet* was the most artistic feature of the evening. Middle Franck elicited the warmest applause by her really admirable dancing. Besides the grace and finish which characterized her efforts, there was a chaste sentiment that robbed it of all the carelessness incident to ordinary dancing exhibitions."

The Market Dance with which the piece concludes, was capitally given. It is an ingenious, right rollicking, funny dance, and the whole company entered into the spirit of it, and danced with a right good will. The grouping of the Market scene was excellent, and the subordinate characters were unusually well filled. The piece was successful, and has been played to capital houses every evening during the week."

The Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Baker plays well. It is composed of competent performers, and the selection of music is both popular and pleasing. We judge, however, that the wind instrument (Brass) parts of the overtures are not specially arranged for a small orchestra; they sound raw and unsupported. In other respects the performance is very satisfactory."

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Borougham's most successful extravaganza—"Pocahontas"—still runs its career of success. The visitors to this theatre do not seem to tire of its hearty jokes and strong hits. Our audiences have been prosed with a decided slowness in taking jokes, plays upon words, political or social satire, but we think they are rapidly overcoming this liability to reprobate; for, there is not even a slight allusion in this piece bearing a possible joke, but is seized upon with avidity and appreciated by the people. The regular course of pleasant comedies precede the extravaganza every evening, and form an entertainment acceptable to all."

BURTON'S THEATRE.—We have no novelty to record of this establishment, but we understand that, besides the reproduction of "False Pretences," some new and laughable pieces are in course of preparation, and will be speedily produced. There can be no doubt but that Mr. Burton will be neck and neck with all competitors for public favor. There is little chance of his being left behind in the race."

NIBLO'S THEATRE.—This establishment was closed, on last Saturday evening, for the purpose of the grand rehearsal of the brilliant pantomime, "Raoul, or the Golden Star," which has been revived with great magnificence. It was produced this week, and has met with a success most unequivocal. To praise the *Ravels* is such a matter of course, that it would save time to have a stereotyped paragraph to that effect, and we will leave our readers to imagine that we have written half a column of complimentary notices in honor of the cleverest pantomimists of the age. We must give due credit to the management and the manager for the liberal manner in which "Raoul" is put upon the stage. No expense has been spared to render it worthy the patronage of the brilliant audiences which make Niblo's look so gay at all times and in all weathers."

MONEY MARKET.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10th, 1886.

The severity of the weather has interrupted business the last week. A violent snow-storm extending along the whole coast has impeded the roads, and in many localities stopped all communication with the interior.

Since the large payments of dividends at the beginning of the week, money has been more freely circulated, and rates are a little easier.

Banks discount more liberally, and accommodations are less sought for in Wall street.

The bank exhibit is considered favorable, although it is a matter of surprise, after the large amount of specie received and paid out, a larger proportion did not rest in the banks. Since the 29th ult., \$1,963,000 has been received from California, exclusive of what was in the hands of the passengers, and \$2,103,718 paid out from the Treasury. However, as only \$23,000 has been exported in the same period, it is satisfactory to know that wherever it is it has not left the country.

Annexed is the statement:—

	Dec. 29, '85.	Jan. 5, '86.	Increase.
Loans.....	\$95,114,060	\$95,863,390	\$749,330
Specie.....	19,788,099	11,687,209	899,116
Circulation.....	7,841,946	7,903,656	61,710
Deposits.....	80,438,627	83,634,893	3,206,226

The imports of foreign goods at New York have been for the calendar year as follows, and a comparison is made with the two preceding years.

Year.	Dutiable.	Free Goods.	Specie.	Total.
1883.....	\$179,512,412	12,166,387	2,429,083	194,097,602
1884.....	163,494,984	15,768,916	2,107,572	181,371,472
1885.....	142,900,661	14,103,946	855,631	157,860,238

The exports for the same time are—

	1883.	1884.	1885.
Merchandise.....	\$67,136,642	\$64,207,681	\$72,346,562
Specie.....	26,753,556	37,192,406	27,625,740

Though our imports are now increasing, it is expected that this year will exceed the last by \$60,000,000 in the exports of breadstuffs, provisions and cotton. Exchange is very dull at 84 on London, and 85 1/2 on Paris, 23 1/2 on France, and it would have been lower, if the Southern mails had not been delayed, as they have a large amount of cotton bills to bring on.

As regards the prospects of the present year it appears to be the opinion of many, that the profits that we shall derive from the sale of our large crops, will more than compensate us for the loss arising from the curtailment of business, and withdrawal of capital, caused by the present European war.

The general feeling is in favor of a bright and prosperous year.

There has been more buoyancy in the Stock Market during the week. Nearag advanced to 25, and Erie to 53 1/2; but both stocks close to-day at lower prices, and the market generally is lower and dull. Annexed are the quotations:—

Ind. State 5's, 81; Virginia 6's, 93; Missouri 6's, 85 1/2; Hud. River 2nd mort. bds., 85; Harlem 1st mort., 80; Ill. Central bds., 81 1/2; T. Haute & A. 2nd. bds., 85; Merchants' Bank, 139; Am. Ex. Bank, 116 1/2; Penn. Coal, 99; N. Y. Cent. & H. R., 100 1/2; Del. & N. Y., 100 1/2; Corn. Ex. Bank, 108; Commonw. Bank, 91; Bank of Commerce, 108; Mechanics' Bk., 113; Del. & H. C. 118; Gold Hill Mine, 7 1/2; N. H. & Hart, 125; Mich. S. & N. I. R., 91 1/2; Canton Co., 23; New York Gas Co., 140.

To-day at auction—La Crosse & Milwaukee R. R.'s, farm mort., interest added, 80 1/2; Canadaigua & Corning R., 1st mort., int. added, 68 1/2 @ 69 1/2; Lake Erie, Wabash & St. Louis R. 1st mort., int. added, 65 @ 65 1/2; Jeffersonville City 6's, 24; New York & Harlem R. pref'd stock, 22 1/2; Second Avenue R., 45; Hanover Bank, 92 1/2; Broadway Bank, 120 1/2; Tradesmen's Bank, 125 1/2; East River Bank, 55; Irving Bank, 98; Irving Insurance Co., 100 1/2; Brooklyn Gas Light Co., 126; American Plate Glass Co., 28 @ 31; Submarine Wrecking Co., per share, 55.

During the week—New York 5's, 84 @ 100; Ohio 6's 10, 102 1/2; Ohio 6's 70, 107; Louisiana 6's, 87; Erie bds. of 98, 93; Chi. & R. I. R. bds., 83; T. Haute 2nd mort. bds., 78; Bank of New York, 115 1/2; Corn. Ex. Bank, 108; Commonw. Bank, 91; Bank of Commerce, 108; Mechanics' Bk., 113; Del. & H. C. 118; Gold Hill Mine, 7 1/2; N. H. & Hart, 125; Mich. S. & N. I. R., 91 1/2; Canton Co., 23; New York Gas Co., 140.

POSTSCRIPT. FRIDAY, P. M.—The Stock Market assumed the same tone as prevailed yesterday, and closed heavily. Missouri 6's, 83 1/2; Virginia 6's, 93; Ind. State 5's, 80; Harlem 1st mort., 79; Erie bds., 83, 92; Ill. Cen. bds., 81 1/2; N. Y. Cen. 7's, 100 1/2; Del. & N. Y., 118; Continental Bank, 105; Bank of New York, 115; N. Y. Cent. R., 24 1/2; Penn. Coal Co., 99 1/2; Corn. Ex. Bank, 108; N. Y. Cen. R., 92 1/2; Harlem R., 17 1/2; Erie R., 52; Reading R., 92 1/2; Cle. & C. M., 101; Hud. River R., 29 1/2; Mich. Cen. R., 90 1/2; Mich. Sou. & N. I. R., 87 1/2; Cle. & Tol., 73; Gal. & Chi. R., 125.

THE MARKETS.

THURSDAY, 10th January, 4 P. M.—Office.—This market has not experienced any change since our last report. The sales are small and a languid feeling prevails. The price of Rio has ranged from 16 1/2 @ 17 1/2; Maracaibo, 11 @ 12; and a few mats of Java at 14 1/2 @ 15. Cotton.—In opposition to the limited demand, prices are sustained on account of the small stock here. The news by the Canada, though unfavorable, did not force holders to yield to any lower figure. The quotations of our last reports are not altered, and to-day's business is very small. 9 1/2 @ 10 for middling upland; and 5 1/2 @ 6 for ditto New Orleans.

Flour and Meal.—Flour has undergone a change since last week. Prices have receded, 37 1/2 @ 38 c per barrel on the common and medium qualities—but the finer ones have not materially fallen. The cause is for the depreciation of the dollar in money, and ample supplies notwithstanding the obstruction to the various railroads from the snow. The foreign demand is moderate; to-day's quotations are, ordinary State, 37 1/2 @ 38; 37 1/2 @ 38 1/2 for mixed to fancy, and low grades of extra Western 39 @ 40 1/2 for extra Genesee. The market closes steady. Corn-meal is very dull at 14 for Jersey, and 14 1/2 for Brandywine.

Grain.—The demand is very inactive for both export and home consumption. Prices for wheat have receded about 2 1/2 c per bushel below last week. Interior prime red Tennessee, 81 1/2 @ 82 1/2; red Western, 81 1/2 @ 82 1/2; white Canadian, 82 1/2 @ 83 1/2. Indian corn quiet, but there is no desire on the part of holders to realize. Old Western mixed 50 @ 51; new Southern, 49 @ 50 c per bushel.

Leather.—The receipts are high, although prices are firm; the operations have been to a fair extent. French finished calf-skins, and English also, have brought, in rough, 50 @ 60 c. Prime No. 1, a rougher lot, at 40 @ 45 c. The amount of sales of year 1875 are, hemlock skins, 2,500,000, and oak hides, 800,000.

Wool and Iron.—Few transactions to notice, but holders are firm and expecting higher prices. Best bar, 87 1/2 @ 88; common bars, 85 @ 86; Scotch pig-iron, 15 @ 16; and stock of the latter reduced to 5 @ 6 tons; spelter, 5 1/2 @ 6; stock, 5 @ 6; stock, 5,000 tons, principally Spanish; charcoal tin-plate furnace, 31 1/2 @ 32; coke furnace, 24 @ 25.

Naval Stores.—Turpentine has been quiet at a decline. The price to-day is 22 1/2 @ 23 c per 100 lbs. Spirits have shown more animation, and may be quoted at 41 @ 42 c per gallon. There is no alteration in the Common East India oil remaining at the former price, 51 @ 52 c per barrel for the common kind, and sales of No. 1 are reported at 52 @ 53 c per 100 lbs.

Provisions.—The market has been in a dull state all the week, at lower figures; 16 1/2 @ 17 for new; and 15 1/2 @ 16 for prime, per barrel, which is a considerable reduction. Dressed hogs obtainable at lower figures, 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2 c per lb. Cut meats are heavy at 5 1/2 @ 6 c per lb. for ham; and 7 1/2 @ 8 c for shoulders. Lard is firm at 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4 c per lb. for hams, and 12 c for strictly prime quality. Beef is quiet at 10 @ 11 c for country prime; 10 @ 11 c for Ohio 5 @ 6 c for common to very good state; and 25 @ 26 c for choice qualities. The extreme cold weather has brought large supplies of venison to the market. The supply of fresh beef has been small, and the sales are so meagre that it is difficult to quote correctly. Premium cattle 13 @ 14 c, and 15 @ 16 c for 11 1/2 c; medium, 10 @ 11 c.

Sugar.—We have to repeat our last remark, inactivity rules the market. The demand is steady, and prices are about the same. Cane, 7 1/2 @ 8 c per lb; Porto Rico, 8 c; New Orleans, 8 @ 8 1/2 c.

Tea.—To-morrow there will be an auction sale, and buyers are delaying their purchases.

There is no new movement to notice.
Tobacco.—Prices are buoyant, and the stocks are much reduced. Sales have been transacted at 14 @ 15 c for Kentucky. Havana is very scarce at 25 @ 26 c per lb. Florida has ranged according to quality, from 15 c to 25 c on the usual terms.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

The Salem Observer publishes statistics of the fishing business of Marblehead for the year 1885, from which we learn that 44 vessels, manned by 312 seamen, caught for their summer fare, 29,623 quintals of fish, and for their fall fare, 12,077 quintals.

The Journal of Commerce has a table giving the loss of fire, during the year 1885, exclusive of all losses less than ten thousand. The total number of fires was 341. Amount of loss, \$14,543,000.

On the 7th inst., a sleigh, containing Charles Wolf and son, came in collision with a train on the Lehigh Valley road, near Catasauqua, Pa., and both the occupants were severely injured.

The Calais (Me.) Advertiser states that the scorched remains of three lumbermen, named Williams, Grant, and Hawkins, were discovered near the head-waters of the Nashwakia, where they had been at work. It is supposed that the camp took fire while they were asleep, and that they were suffocated by the smoke.

Reports from Peru mention that another revolution is dreaded. General Castilla is losing his popularity, and the supporters of Vivarico and Echique are working for the recall of either to power.

The Senators and Representatives of California in Congress intend making an effort at the present session to obtain the passage of a bill for the establishment of a line of mail steamers from San Francisco to Shanghai, touching at the Sandwich Islands and Japan.

Egelbert Weber, a German shoemaker, was shot dead in one of the streets of Louisville, the other day, by a man named Vredman Morris, who escaped. The murder is said to have been entirely unprovoked.

A proposition is on foot to unite West Florida to the State of Alabama. The electors of Western Florida are soon to decide the question at the ballot-box.

The store of Edwin S. Pierce, postmaster at Sunderland, Mass., with most of its contents, was burnt on the 2nd inst. The paper-mill at Northrup and Eldridge, in Lee, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 2nd inst. Loss about \$25,000; insured \$5,000.

A hag named Ellen Hayden has been fined fifty dollars in Buffalo, for purposely pouring a dipper of boiling water down the back of a pretty girl who was playing before her door.

A despatch from Washington, on the 7th inst., states that news from Nicaragua has been received by Mr. Marcolleta, to the effect that the Walker government is in danger of being overthrown by a revolution party. It is said that Walker has been twice repulsed in conflicts.

A building in Rome, N. Y., owned by the State, and used for storing implements for canal repairs, was burned on Saturday night, the 5th inst. Nothing was saved.

Senator Douglas is in Cleveland, Ohio, still unable to proceed to Washington.

An analysis of the silver ore taken from the mines lately discovered in the Organ mountains, has been made by Dr. Antisell, Chemist and Geologist to the Pacific Railroad survey. The veins already explored promise rich results.

A California cotemporary, speaking of a new paper just started, says: "It only lacks ability and character to be influential."

A pocket-book, containing \$2,000 in money, was stolen from the parlor of the Mayor of Nashua, recently, while he was at breakfast in his own house. The money was afterwards found, but the thief escaped.

Darcy McGee has served notice of action for libel on the editor of the Citizen. The Citizen retains James T. Brady and T. F. Meagher. McGee retains Mr. Busted. We may look for some rich revelations.

On the 1st inst., in Stamford, John, son of E. B. Hughes, was killed by falling off a hand-car into the water, at the draw-bridge.

The Norwich papers speak very highly of a new Free Academy which has just been finished there. It is in the Norman style of architecture, and is the design of Evan Burdick, Esq.

The dwelling-house of John Cregan, near Pittsburgh, was destroyed by fire on the 31st ult. Two children perished in the flames, and two other children were saved by being thrown out of the window by their grandmother, who also escaped in the same manner.

William J. Hemingway, of Searsport, Me., in endeavoring to rescue his boy, who had broken through the ice while skating, was drowned himself. The boy was saved.

The court-house at Evansville, Ind., was destroyed by fire lately. Loss between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

The Artesian well at New Orleans is now about 580 feet in depth, and still no water has been obtained. The stockholders have resolved to dig one hundred and fifty feet further if necessary.

A correspondent of the Commercial Journal (Pittsburg) states that a firm (Messrs. Cherry & McArthur) have recently located themselves in Beaver county, Pa., and invested sixty thousand dollars in buildings and machinery for the manufacture of oil from the Darlington Cannel Coal.

A large stone grist-mill, belonging to Messrs. Ink and Argle, at Hope, Warren county, was burned on Wednesday, together with a large quantity of grain. Loss about \$7,000; insured for \$5,100. It was built more than half a century ago by the Moravians, and was one of the most complete and substantial structures of the kind in the State.

Mr. Ordway, of Chelsea, Vt., drowned himself in the Worcester Branch of Montpelier. In his pocket was found a good note for \$1,000 which he held against a gentleman in Chelsea, payable Jan. 1.

The shippers of gold from California have paid between three and four millions of dollars to the New York Insurance Companies in the past five years, while the aggregate losses of the insurers have not exceeded two hundred thousand dollars.

The Greek Government has paid the Rev. Dr. King \$25,000 as a final settlement of his claims.

The total receipts of grain at Buffalo by lake, last year, were 19,788,473 bushels, against 18,533,465 in 1884, and 11,078,741 in 1883. The total value of property exported from Buffalo on the Erie Canal during the past year was \$29,258,437, the tolls amounting to \$755,574. The value of property left at Buffalo on the canal was \$87,856,937.

The extensive buildings belonging to the Middletown Power Co., were destroyed by fire on the 6th inst. The fire was discovered about one o'clock, and owing to the snow storm and extreme cold, the firemen were unable to check the flames. The loss is estimated at about \$100,000. One hundred and fifty mechanics are thrown out of employment in consequence of it. Its origin is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A letter published in the St. Louis Democrat, dated Leavenworth, December 28, says, the office of The Territorial Register, an Administration paper, was mobbed, the type thrown into the river, and a lot of paper burned. The mob was composed principally of Missourians.

Israel Adams, an engineer on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, who was on trial at Mount Holly, for manslaughter, has been acquitted. Mr. Adams was engineer on the train which ran off the track in August last, causing a deplorable loss of life.

The Dover (N.H.) Enquirer states that a young woman named Ruth E. Floyd, whose parents reside in the northern part of the State had recently committed suicide in that city by taking poison. She had loved and been betrayed.

The Moyamensing Soup Society, in Philadelphia, is about to commence operations.

The double track of the New Jersey Railroad is now completed from Jersey City to Rahway.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania have appointed the 14th inst. for holding an election for United States Senator in place of Mr. Cooper.

The Syracuse Chronicle says two hundred fugitive slaves passed through that city the past year, and thirteen within the last twelve days.

A late exchange mentions the case of a little child who was rendered seriously ill by chewing a handsome enamel ball ticket, which its mother had given it to play with. For the benefit of those who do not know, we would state that the enamel on these cards contains arsenic.

The New York Ledger announces that it has monopolized the literary services of Fanny Fern for the next twelve months.

The Jackson (Miss.) Mercury has announced its preference for Col. A. W. Doniphan, of Missouri, for the next President.

The Schooner Eudora Imogen has arrived at the port of New Haven, and now lies at the "Belle" dock, discharging her cargo of coal.

The Parkville Democrat, of December 20, furnishes us with the following information: "We understand that Governor Shannon has determined to give up the gubernatorial chair in Kansas Territory. His reasons for doing so we have not learned."

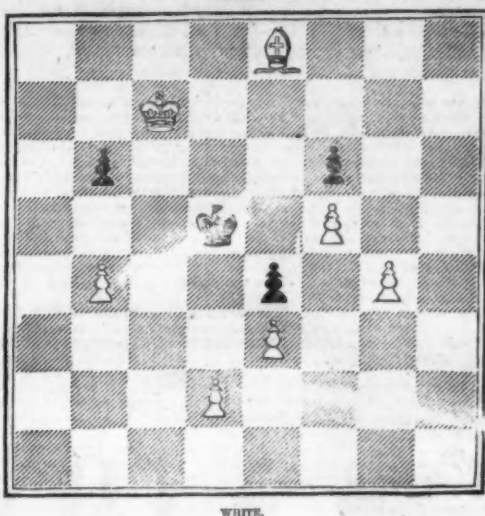
A Miss Hume, of Williamsburg, Indiana, was on trial, last week, at Indianapolis, on a charge of robbing the United States mail.

The Boston Traveller, of Wednesday, says:—"The brig Rolling Wave cleared to-day, for New York, to finish loading for China. She has on board thirty-three cannon and 1,320 balls, a cargo similar to that of the bark Maury, which so frightened the English consul."

Two boatmen, Thomas Sypole and Thomas Fisher, had an altercation at an oyster saloon, on the corner of Baltimore and Mechanic streets, in Baltimore, which resulted in the former drawing a knife and inflicting several stabs in the left side and breast of the latter, which he survived but a few hours.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. VI.—By L. C.—White to move, and mate in nine moves.



GAME VI.—QUEEN'S GAMBIT EVASION.—Between HERTEN MATY and ANDERSENSEN. We extract this admirable and truly scientific game from the Berliner Schach Zeitung. It was played last fall. Herr M. is one of the best players of the Prussian school, and Herr A. now wields the chess-sceptre, being generally regarded as the king among living players.

WHITE. Herr Maty.	BLACK. Herr Andersen.
1 P to Q 4	1 P to Q 4
2 P to Q B 4	2 P to K 3
3 P to Q R 3	3 P to Q B 4
4 K takes Q B P	4 K B takes P
5 K Kt to K B 3	5 P to Q R 4
6 P to K 3	6 Q Kt to Q B 3
7 P takes P	7 P takes P
8 K B to Q Kt 5	8 K Kt to K B 3
9 K Kt to K 5 (a)	9 Castles.
10 K Kt takes Kt	10 P takes Kt.
11 B takes P	11 Q B to Q R 3
12 B takes Q R	12 Q takes B
13 Q to K B 3 (b)	13 Kt to Q 2
14 Kt to Q B 3	14 Kt to K 4
15 Q takes Q P	15 Kt to Q 6 (ch)
16 Kt to Q 2	16 Q to B
17 K to Q B 2	17 R to Q
18 Q to K R 5	18 Kt to K B 5 (c)
19 P takes Kt	19 B to Q 6 (ch)
20 K to Q Kt 3	20 Q to K 3 (ch) (d)
21 K to Q R 4	21 Q to B (ch)
22 P to Q Kt 4	22 B to Q B 7 (ch)
23 K takes P	23 R to Q R checkmate.

NOTES TO GAME VI.

(a) A somewhat premature move.
(b) In this position white has "the exchange" and a pawn more than his adversary, but it is very difficult, if not impossible, to find a good move upon the board. The Editor has played, with success, the game from this point with Mr. Ferrin, the Secretary of the New York Club, and with several strong players, who have varied the move of white. He believes he can win against any player of his acquaintance.
(c) What an admirable move! By attacking queen, he rather compels the capture of the knight.
(d) K Kt interpose, it takes and black prosecutes the attack, as in the sequel.
(e) We have not command of language sufficient to express our appreciation of this brilliant and beautiful game. It is, moreover, strict chess. Usually such brilliancy cannot occur without weak moves on the part of the adverse player, but it would puzzle our readers to tell wherein Herr M. committed a radical error.
In this connection, we desire to say a word by way of explanation or qualification of an assertion made by us a few weeks since, that "there were as fine games played in this city every day, as the best that were published by foreign journals." We meant to be understood as having reference solely to amateurs—not to masters and professors of the game, like Staunton, Horwitz, Harwitz, Andersen, Von H. Dyr Lasa, Mayet, Janisch, Petroff, et al. omne genus.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM V.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to K 4 (ch)	1 K to K 3
2 K B to Q Kt 5	2 K to Q 4
3 Kt to K B 6 (ch)	3 K to K 3
4 B to Q 7 (ch)	4 K takes Kt
5 B to K 7 mate.	

FOREIGN CHESS ITEMS.—We glean some interesting items from the Chronicle and regret our space compels us to give them in a very condensed manner. There are several flings at our (partly) American player Lenthal, more than intimating that he evades several matches, even at odds, because he fears his opponents. The projected match between him and Mr. Brien will not take place, the Committee of Management of the St. George's Chess-Club being of opinion that, "owing to the great attention and length of time required for the preparation and carrying out of Chess matches, it is undesirable for Herr L. to engage in any whilst he remains Secretary of the Club." The editor takes this opportunity of informing the Chess community that the Secretary's salary paid to Herr Lenthal for the last two years, has not been derived from a Club source, but has been most handsomely made a present by the spirited proprietor of the house at which the Club now holds its meetings. The proprietor, however, has given the Club notice to quit the rooms occupied by it at the expiration of the current year. That he should have taken this course is not to be wondered at, and its propriety is best shown by the fact, that when the Club had an opportunity of making a slight return to its landlord by the encouragement of a match of interest, it has failed to make it. In reference to the Committee of Management being consulted upon the question whether a match should or should not be played by its Secretary, the editor remarks, that it does not appear that Herr Lenthal consulted his Committee when he challenged Mr. Brien to the match at odds, which he lost to that player after employing every expedient to protract the match from February to September, and after having fruitlessly attempted to escape defeat by bringing up Herr Falkbeer's match, an attempt which was disappointed through the straightforwardness and honesty of the German; nor again when he arranged, but prudently avoided, playing a match at odds with Mr. Janssens; nor again, lastly, when he commenced a match at the Pawn and move with Mr. Green, long after the issue of Mr. Brien's challenge.

The London Chess-Club will remove shortly from its temporary quarters at Tom's Coffee House, Cornhill, to the more spacious rooms which are being built for it by Mr. Prussell. A series of games is now pending between the President of the London Chess-Club, Mr. Mongredien, and Mr. Brien, of the McDonnell Club. The matches at all the English clubs have been unusually heavy this season.

We are glad to state that the orphan child of the late eminent English Chess-player, Mr. Williams, was among the successful candidates at a recent election of one of the educational Infant Orphan Asylums. Mr. Williams was a provokingly slow, but very successful player, like some others we wot of. Mr. Tomlinson's Chess Annual for 1886 is in press. We shall take the earliest opportunity of reviewing it.

CHES IN TROCHAE.—Since the publication of "Hiawatha," the critics and poets have had trochaeic mad—even the annual New Year's doggerel found in carriers' addresses having been written in that measure by several of our leading city journals. The London Chess Player's Chronicle has the following clever adaptation and parody, which our chess readers will fully appreciate. That those who are unacquainted with the game may understand the "points," we will explain that Staunton, the distinguished English player, was conceded to be the champion of England, and generally regarded as the best living player, until at the World's Fair Chess Tournament held at London, in 1851, the laurel was clutched from his brow by the great Prussian master, Herr Andersen. Since that time, Harwitz has repeatedly challenged Staunton to play a match, and the latter has declined. The Chronicle loses no opportunity to assail Staunton—its editor and correspondents, great dogs and little dogs, "Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart and all," pour a continual broadside of hot shot, round shot, and small shot, shell, grape, and cannister, upon the devoted head of the defeated champion. They do not use him fairly, and forcibly remind us of the fable of the living ass and dead lion, as though Staunton has been almost dead to chess since the Tournament, (with the exception of what little he does in the chess column of the London Illustrated News,) yet he is the superior of all those who thus bark at him. His chess-notes in the News are mainly devoted (so they allege) to the glorification of himself—to improve victory and palliate defeat. We think ourselves that Staunton's sun has set, and that even at his culminating period of excellence he never gave evidence of the genius displayed in the play of his conqueror; still we are sorry to see him thus vituperated, as he has done much for chess literature. But we never spall a joke for the sake of a friend, and hence—though with some compunctions of conscience—we give the trochaeic, and hope our readers may laugh over them as heartily as we did.

URSA MINOR OR MAJOR?

The ensuing verses, which are taken from one of Professor Longfellow's recent poems, are supposed to allude to a circumstance which happened in the chess circles, A. D. 1851.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimper'd like a woman,
As he sat upon his haunches.
And the mighty Prussian hero, (a)
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spoke disdainfully in this wise—
"Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,
And no brave, as you pretended;
Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman!
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquer'd me in battle,
Not a groan would I have utter'd;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a cowardly old woman!"
"None but S—x, Chess is S—x, (b)
St. A—r defeating S—x!
Ho—x routing, Ha—x scouting,
L—x reviling, W—x—x—x riling,
Boasting, huffing, lord of puffing,
Falmey (c) Pawn and two moves S—x!" (1)
Then again he rais'd his war-club,
And again that bumptious S—x, (d)
Not of Chess, of Cribbage.

Thus was slain
The Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.

(a) The original here has "Majesty," but as the Professor under the Indian name doubtless referred to Andersen—S, we substitute "Prussian hero."
(b) These few lines seem to us to be an interpolation, and intended to represent the nature of the crying.
(c) Here is a disputed reading. One of our MSS. gives "balmey" but as the gentle person referred to more resembles "rude Bornea, blustering raller," than a "balmey Zephyr," we imagine that "palmey" is the true version.
(d) The original has "the Mabe-Mokwa," evidently an Indian adumbration of an equally shadowy English individual. The best line appears to be again an interpolation, probably inserted by one who understood fully the meaning of the author.
The names above, given in part, are Andersen, Staunton, St. Amant, Horwitz, Harwitz, Lowe, and Walker.
(1) Staunton was in the habit of giving the pawn and two moves to the best English player, several years ago, and he often alludes to those times as the "palmey days of chess."
—ED. ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

GALLERY OF CHESS PORTRAITS—No. II.

JAMES THOMPSON, Esq.—This player is well and favorably known to all New-Yorkers, especially to the disciples of Epicurus, as the famous Restaurant-keeper, on Broadway. As a general thing we do not intend to make any allusion to the occupation of the individuals whose chess-portraits will find a place in our gallery, but the question is so often asked in chess-circles by young players, who hear of the prowess of Mr. Thompson at the game, whether it is the Mr. Thompson—i. e. the caterer—that we make an exception to our rule in this instance. The subject under notice ranks deservedly high at the club, having won more matches there, we believe, than any other member. He is perhaps the most attacking player we have—often giving away a clear piece—and without positive advantage to himself sometimes—rather than he is in an attack, or act on the defensive. With players a shade weaker than himself he is very successful in this species of tactics, frequently winning by intimidation—his adversary fearing that "if it be madness" thus to throw away his game, "yet is there method in it," and believing half the time that it is only some latent mine or battery, making a mistake. The Evans Gambit is his favorite opening, and he manages it with remarkable skill and variety. In the hands of a finished player this gambit affords great facilities for carrying on the kind of warfare we have indicated. He prosecutes the attack at any and every hazard. The celebrated phrase of Danton applies well to him—better indeed than to any other player of our acquaintance:—*de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!* His defence is always the strongest—*compter d'attaquer*.

Mr. Thompson is a very interesting player, and his board usually has as many lookers-on as any other in the room, because original, complicated and beautiful positions and combinations are likely to be found there if anywhere. He frightens his opponents out of their victory, not unfrequently, not only by his bold play, but also by talking confidently of his own game and disparagingly of theirs—a sort of bullying one's adversary, as it were. This last peculiarity, however, is not idiosyncratic with Mr. Thompson. We know several others that indulge in the vile habit (for we cannot otherwise characterize it) whose force as players and instincts as gentlemen should teach them to forbear its use. We make this remark abstractly and impersonally, and not with reference to any particular individual, certainly not to Mr. Thompson, who is now in Europe, where he has been for a long time, and where he designs remaining for a year or two to come. He has recently written from Paris that the average play of our best twenty club players is much above that of the same number picked from the Cercle des Echechs of that city. Our Minister to Portugal, Mr. J. L. O'Sullivan, played a match at Paris, last summer, with St. Amant, winning three and drawing three out of twenty-seven. Rather a great disparity, to be sure, but Mr. T. can beat the plenipotentiary easily. We expect to hear of some match, creditable to Americans, before Mr. Thompson returns. We are quite willing to exhibit him to our neighbors over the Atlantic Ferry as a fair specimen of our players, and are fully confident that they will find him a pretty tough American (chess) nut to crack. We trust that he will favor us with some chess correspondence during his sojourn in Europe. We regret that we have not any game of Mr. Thompson's to publish with this notice. It is our intention to give with each portrait, a game played by the party sketched, to verify our statements in regard to their skill as players or problem makers.

We must not forget to state that, although Mr. Thompson's general play is such as we have described, yet no man is more careful than he in a set match; then he plays for victory, not brilliancy, and is an ugly customer to deal with, as our old Boston opponent, of ten years ago, Mr. Hammond can testify. By the way, can any of our Boston readers tell us whether Mr. H. is in the land of the living? We intend to sketch him, and would like some fresh material. He was most promising and indefatigable player. But of him more anon.

A MAN AND THREE HORSES BURNED IN NEW HAVEN.—A barn belonging to Mr. John S. Benham, brick manufacturer, in East street, near Barre'sville, was entirely destroyed by fire, between four and five o'clock yesterday morning. Owing to the great depth of snow, it was impossible for the fire companies to reach the scene of conflagration with their machines, though a large number of them were on hand, and did what they could to extinguish the fire by means of buckets. Three horses belonging to Mr. Benham were burned with the building, and we regret to learn that a man also perished in the flames. His body was found in the ruins yesterday morning, so much disfigured as to be unrecognizable, and it is not yet known who he is, or how he came in the building. It is generally supposed that he was travelling, and becoming exhausted, took shelter from the storm in the barn, and having lighted a pipe or cigar, communicated fire to the hay, by which the barn was consumed, and his life destroyed. It is possible that the deceased may have discovered the fire, and going into the building to save the horses, became suffocated by the smoke.—New Haven Journal, Jan. 7.

INDIAN OUTRAGE.—By an extra from the office of the Charleston Courier, we have the following account of an attack on a party of United States troops, near Fort Simon Drum, Florida. An exploring party, under command of Lieut. George L. Hurtuff, 2nd artillery, consisting of one sergeant, one corporal, and seven privates, were suddenly attacked by a party of Seminole Indians, at day-light on the 20th ult., about sixteen miles south-east from Fort Simon Drum, that party being about forty miles south-east from Fort Myers. The men of the command arrived at Fort Myers on the night of the 21st. It is supposed that Lieut. Hurtuff and the remainder of his party have been killed. Most of the public animals with the expedition—some eighteen in number—were also shot down. Lieut. Hurtuff, when last seen, had one arm broken, and is supposed to have been wounded in his side. Private Hanna, of company G, second artillery, one of the party who escaped, brought the above information to Fort Myers. Hanna was wounded in the abdomen, not seriously, it is thought; he left another of the party (private Baker) also wounded, about eighteen miles from Fort Myers. Baker gave out at that point, and could come no further. The Indians making the attack were some twenty-five or thirty in number. Two companies of the 2nd artillery were to leave Fort Myers on the morning of the 22nd ult. in search of Lieut. Hurtuff and the missing members of his party.

LAGER BIER SALOON, BERLIN.

HOWEVER prominent lager beer saloons may be in our own large cities, they possess no importance so far as the room in which they are kept is concerned, the very best of them being in the basement of their respective buildings. On the Continent, however, things are managed quite differently, and the drinking-shops where is obtained the popular beverage, vie with the costly temples dedicated to the sale of alcoholic liquors in the United States. In Berlin, we have, perhaps, the very best specimens of these more costly beer-houses. Such is the continual rivalry among the publicans, that every novelty is sought after to make them attractive, the variety of



LAGER BIER SALOON, BERLIN.

costume and beauty of the waitresses being the most common feature. One year these useful damsels assume the quaint dresses of some former era, and illustrate the most prominent characters of a popular period. Another time a more fantastic taste will prevail, and they hand around their "pewter pots," as fays or fairies, the ethereality being imperfectly represented by miniature gauze wings, symbolic pinions, out of all proportion to the broad shoulders to which they are affixed. The Turkish costume was tried, but it did not become popular, "Bloomerism" not being congenial in Berlin or New York. The polka or polish dress was a favorite; so also the Circassian, but it might have been Nubian for anything the public knew to the contrary. Quite recently, a "spirited proprietor," speculating on the weakness of the Berliners for things military, has put his damsels into uniform, as far as it can be done without dispensing with the petticoat, the police allowing no assumption of male costume by the other sex. There is a hussar, all fur cap, braided jacket, looking what the "daughter of the regiment" might have been, had fate thrown that young lady into the light cavalry instead of the line. A second uniform may pass for nondescript;

a third is meant for a cuirassier, with helmet and steel breastplate, the last borrowed from the stores of the property-room, and giving the wearer the appearance of Joan of Arc reduced to the tap-room. For all this, less finery and better beer would often be an infinite improvement.

Our engraving represents a popular establishment of the ambitious kind described above, known as "Corso Halle." The visitors represent groups of soldiers, students, and other frequenters of the *kneipe*, characteristic of the first establishment in the capital of Prussia. How soon will lager bier, the use of which has become enormous in our city, command something of the "Corso Halle" style for its circulation? Such a thing and many of them are bound to come; they are only waiting time.

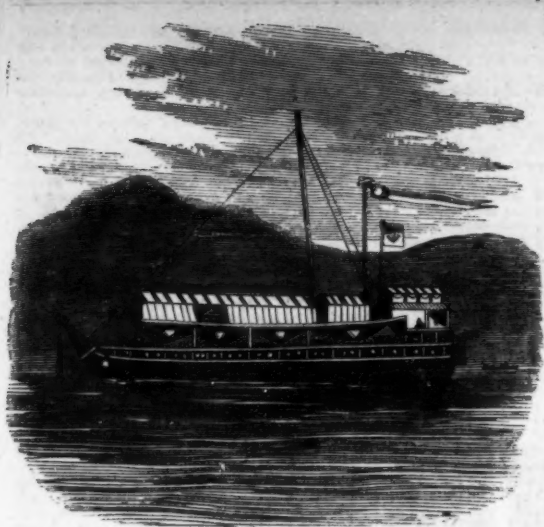
THE TURKISH SCRIBE.

THE desire to communicate with friends at a distance is not crushed out, although the possibility of doing so is difficult in the extreme.

With Americans, correspondence is a part of every day life, and few are so poor that they cannot pay the postage, or so ignorant that they cannot indite their own epistles. In Europe, however, this is not the case. In Spain, in Italy, even in the enlightened city of Paris are still to be found the letter-stalls occupied by professed scribes, who put upon paper the offerings of affection, or the claims of business, for the many who would otherwise be altogether unable to correspond with distant persons. These "scribes" are important personages; they know the secrets of the young people, and the cares of the old. To gain a reputation, they are obliged to be faithful, and never betray confidence. In Constantinople the scribe has a sort of religious character, for so ignorant are the masses of the people, that they cannot look upon one who can put words on paper, otherwise than inspired. To such an extent is this carried, that if an unlettered Turk pick up a piece of written paper he carefully puts it away, fearing lest it may have the name of Ali upon it. His writing implements are displayed with great care on the table before him. The narghille and chibouque are freely plied by himself and his customers, who always form a very picturesque group.



TURKISH SCRIBE.



JAPANESE PLEASURE YACHT.



CITY OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

SCENES IN JAPAN.

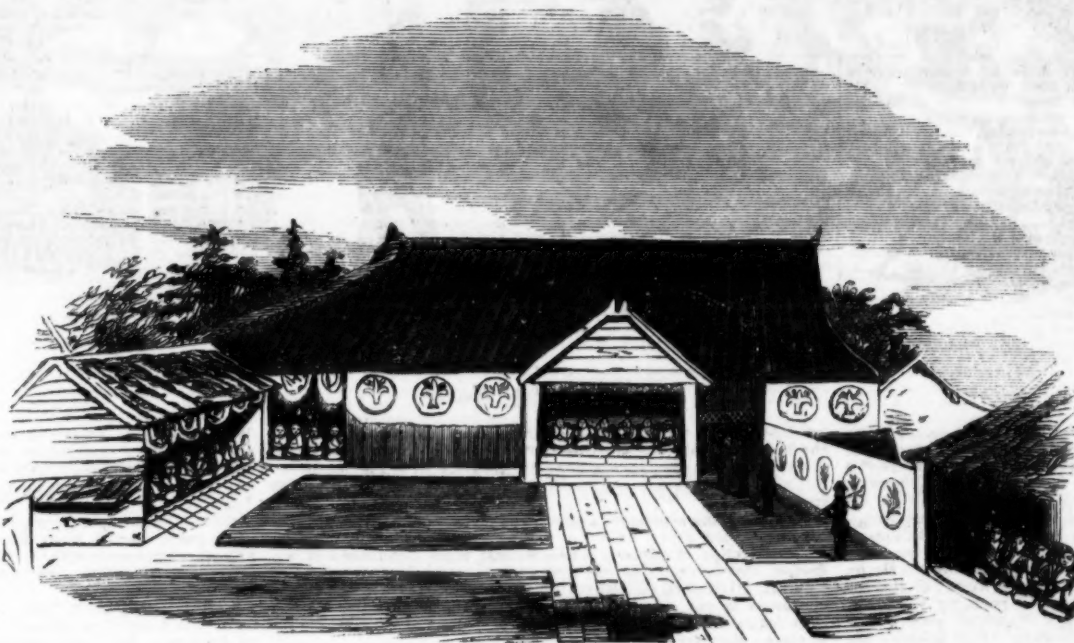
MUCH has been said congratulatory of our successful treaty with Japan, but it would seem that it has no practical effect favorable to our trade or commerce. The same proscriptive spirit prevails, and Americans are not allowed to make permanent settlements at the supposed "free ports," or transact any business with the inhabitants, except under circumstances that amount to a positive nullity. The Dutch still maintain the supremacy, and some of their establishments are of great importance. Nagasaki, the principle seaport of Japan, contains from 60 to 70,000 inhabitants, including 6000 priests. It stands on a hill-slope facing the harbor, is regularly built and clean. The houses are of one story, built of clay or wood, coated with cement, furnished with verandahs, Venetian blinds, and oiled paper in place of glass. Previous to the treaty between the United States and Japanese, Nagasaki was the only port open to foreign traders, and the Dutch and Chinese who resorted to it were confined under strict supervision to the strongly fortified and artificial island of Desima, only 600 feet in length, by 240 feet across, off the shore. The Dutch imports of Nagasaki, consist of sugar, Netherland broadcloths, cotton goods, buffalo hides, cloves, tin, amounting to \$150,000 yearly, for which returns are made in Japanese manufactures to the amount of \$200,000.

GENOA ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

GENOA, a city of great historic and commercial celebrity, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, in Northern Italy, and is comprised in the Sardinian States. It is a strongly fortified city, being enclosed in a double line of defences, forming a vast semicircle seven miles in extent, making one of the most extensive town defences in Europe. In the older parts of the town the streets are intricate and

narrow, being seldom more than ten feet wide, with lofty buildings on either side. In the newer quarters, however, many of them are spacious, and are lined with noble edifices. Genoa is deservedly celebrated for her many beautiful palaces, the greater number of which are crowded with works of art, and splendidly fitted up. The

and innumerable chastely-wrought ornaments. The origin of Genoa is said to antedate Rome, and as early as the eleventh century the Genoese had earned for themselves a formidable name at sea. Their ducal government (or Doge, as the political ruler was called,) was overturned by Bonaparte, who captured and retained possession of the city, until he was expelled by Austria and England, in 1799, and passed through a succession of changes, until, finally, in 1815, it was incorporated by the Congress of Vienna to the Sardinian monarchy, under which government it has since remained. It contained a population, in 1862, of one hundred and twenty-five thousand.



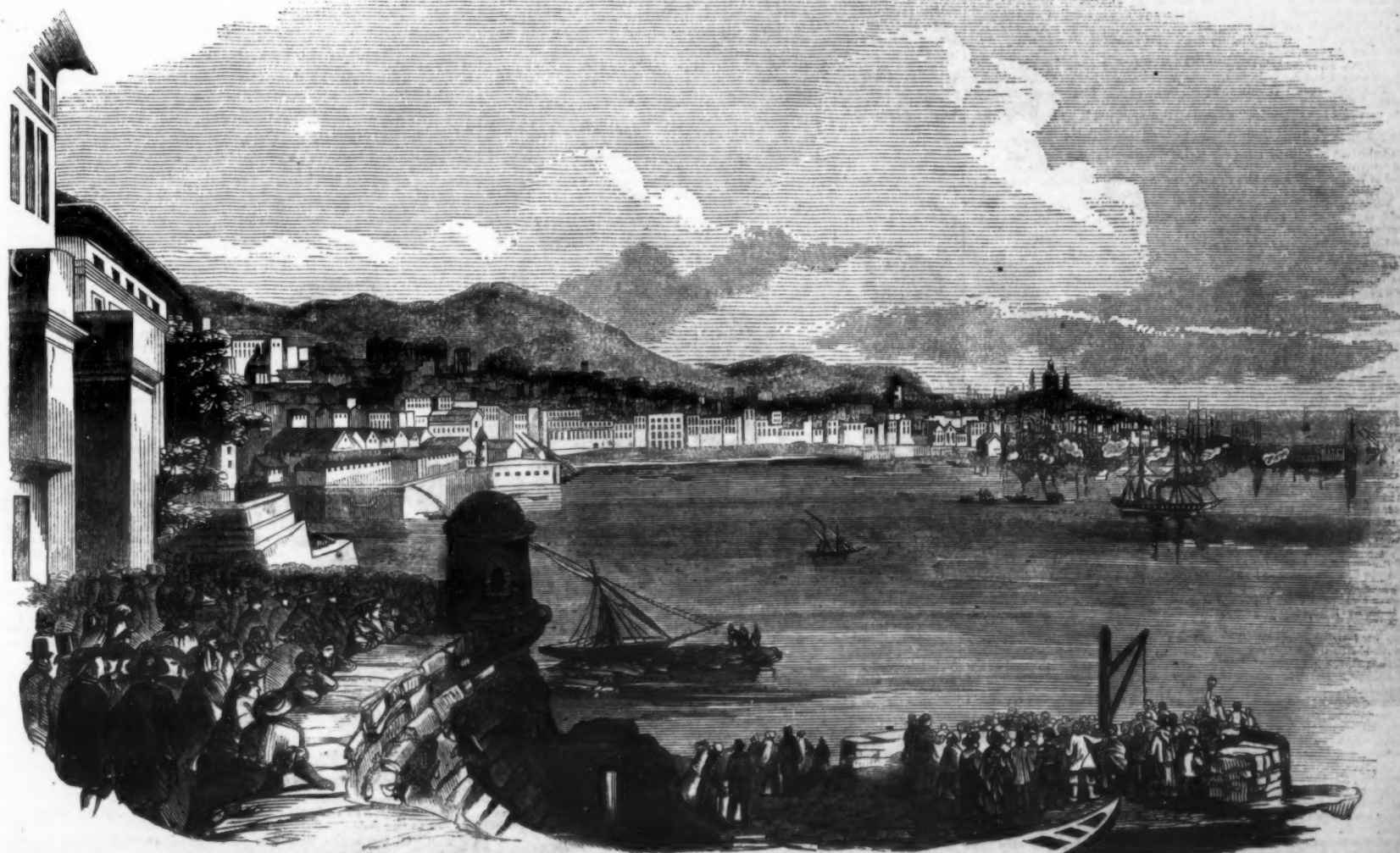
VIEW OF A DUTCH FACTORY AT JAPAN.

manufactures of the city are extensive and various; its velvets and silks are held in universal estimation; and it has large factories for cloth, essences, oil-cloth, soap, &c. Besides these, its works in gold, silver, and marble have a wide celebrity; the Genoese workmen standing unrivalled in their artistic productions of silver flagree

ASTRONOMERS say that if a cannon ball were fired from the earth to Saturn, it would be one hundred and eighty years in getting there. In that event, Professor John Phoenix thinks the people of Saturn would have time enough to dodge the shot.

There are nine papers published in Kansas; six of which are free soil.

FAST BOYS ARRESTED.—The St. Louis Intelligencer of the 6th inst., gives an account of the arrest of three boys on suspicion of being runaways, who had arrived there on the train from Chicago, named Ansen and Orrin Doolittle, and Jas. Harkinson Stearnes. They were provided with carpet-sacks filled with pistols, revolvers, bowie knives, and other sporting implements. They said they were from Racine, Wis. Correspondence was found on them which discloses their whole project. They were to cut the telegraph wires so as to prevent their parents from telegraphing after them; and, if pursued by constables, they were to be attended to by a couple of Colt's revolvers and a pair of rifle pistols. Telegraphic dispatches have been sent to their parents, and they were kept in safe custody till some intelligence concerning them was received. Considering the age of the boys (none of them being over 14 years,) the whole affair is most remarkable.—Chicago Press.



GENOA.

HUMBLE LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 78.)

Jon thought it was addressed to him, and spoke out again: "Vell, if she varnt, it was the best shamming as ever I see. There varnt a single thing in the room, except an old stool: chairs, bed, table—everything had gone to the house that always stands next the workhouse—the pawn-shop! It lies just before the gates, that shop do, miss. You always goes through it. Ugh! I was in bed, when Sorey says, 'There's the garet's groaning, Joe,' and, after listening a bit, we heard something fall on the floor, like a bit of lead. 'Go,' says she; and up I jumped, tearing up the broken stairs, and there I found her, poor soul, still holding her cursed work in her hand, and nearly doubled up with pain. She was a strange old lady, she was. I never see such pride as hers; no, never! All along she never said a word about want, although there was another woman living in the house; and, you know, though we were pretty nigh as bad off, still she could sometimes have eaten one end of our loaf as we gnawed 't'other."

"Good lad! good lad!" said Lamere; his face brightening up at the boy's charity.

"She were born very respectable, it appears by some papers found in a corner. We was trying to find out her friends, you see. She was an officer's child, and yet come to this. There was nothing in the room but this stool and an old plate all over cracks; it were like a child's puzzle map when it's put up. The parish will bury her, I suppose."

"All this morning Lamere never spoke a word as he stood at the loom. He worked harder than usual, as if he was trying to forget some remembrance that haunted him. His girl sat almost like a statue. It had been a heavy blow to her news she had heard that morning. She almost repented for having sought it. A few words, a mere puff of breath, had blown down the air castles she had been building, making the future seem equally wretched with the present. Still, there might be some hope, she thought. The poor seamstress was not a flower-maker, as she wished to be.

As they ate their bread at dinner-time, old Lamere said to his child, 'I've been all this morning repenting, Kit, for what I said yesterday. To be sure, I didn't then know how well we were favored by Providence; and, with life strong in me, I was grumbling whilst that poor soul was dying. A good Christian, Kit, should learn to suffer patiently. We should submit, my girl; for it is beyond our knowledge to fathom the wisdom that ordained the evil we groan under. As my old father used to say, we should not blame the cutter because the knife cuts the finger. It was made for a good purpose. No, we should take the evil we complain of and place it on one side the balance, and on the other we will crowd our numberless blessings—the fields, the flowers, the song of the bird—and we should no longer grumble, our happiness will far exceed our misery. Ah, I was indeed wrong to grumble as I did, but I was ill, I think that was the cause of it. We must force ourselves to look on suffering as a blessing almost—one that softens the heart, teaching us to feel more quickly for the misery of others, and making us more able to bear our own. Our reward will be the consciousness that we have struggled well and conquered ourselves. The very difficulty of the fight will be our glory. Which is the more noble to play the lion or the hare? We must look upon the room of suffering as the school of virtue. There all evil thoughts fly at the very threshold; and as you look upon the sick-bed, or the thin pale face of the dying, all enemies are forgiven, and you feel at peace with the world. Henceforward, Kit, we will bear our evils with patience; we admire it in others, and will practise it ourselves. And, when we flag at all, I will tell you tales of men who have smiled at the stake, or have borne, without murmuring, wounds, hunger, thirst, and cold for their country's sake; and we will talk over these heroes, Kit, until we shall envy them their fate, and laugh at our own pigmy wants."

His daughter was weeping, so he took her hand, saying, "We will make atonement for our conduct, Kit; we will this day enjoy one of the blessings that suffering gives to us. A father and his little ones are without a home. Our room is large, and he shall share it. What do you say?"

Smiling through her tears, she laid upon her father's neck.

"You yourself shall make the offer, my dearest one. Go, seek poor Tim Bradley; you will offer it more gently than I should."

Kitty, who but an hour or two since had looked as wretched as a school-girl in love, was now walking along the streets as contented and happy as a page in new livery. As she tripped along, her eyes were bright as dew-drops in the sunshine; and a laugh was ready to burst from her lips the first chance that offered. She had determined, on her way to Tim Bradley's, to visit the flower-man, and offer her services as one of the "five hundred." She would make him an offer. It was but fair that she should work for him for nothing until she had learnt the business; and then—ah! they would be happy. It wasn't like stay-making, she was sure—something told her it wasn't. My word! she would work hard—she would! One thing she was determined on—on with the very first money she earned, that room of theirs should be made tidy and clean. Poor old man, he never stirred out, and ought at least to be comfortable. After that, she would buy him a good warm suit of clothes, his chest was so bad in the winter. The only doubt she had was, whether it should be a blue coat and gold buttons, or a brown wrapper all over pockets. However, there was plenty of time to think over it. Then on the Sundays, too, how they would enjoy themselves! They would pack up their dinner in a nice white basket she intended buying, and be off to the fields to eat it on the grass, just as in the old time; and, whilst the old man was chatting with Tim Bradley under the cool shade of the trees, she'd be off with the little ones, blackberry-hunting, or looking for wild flowers to take home with them. Ah! there'd be no complaining then, she'd warrant.

At last the "Temple of Fashion" was in sight. A small admiring crowd was still in front of it, but it was not half as large as on the day before. But, no sooner did the poor girl see the people, than, imagining they were all flower-workers, bound on the same errand as herself, she set to running, and never stopped till she had reached the stall.

But, now she was there, her courage failed her. She didn't dare to ask the gentleman whilst he was so busy; he might get angry, and refuse her the work. So she stood looking on like the rest, watching a proper time to speak. It seemed as if the people would never go away. She had been there at least half an hour, and yet the crowd was no less. The ladies took so long to strike their bargains, that, even if two or three did drop off, their places were soon filled up again by the passers-by.

There was one old lady, with a wicker basket big enough to hold Falstaff, that Kitty lost all patience with. She was the only one left out of all the purchasers, and the little girl was biting her fingers with anxiety. Yet that old lady wouldn't stir, but kept taking up the lambs and Wedgewood casts just as if she did it on purpose.

"What do you want for this thing?" she asked, taking up an inkstand round which a gilt parrot had built its nest. The price was marked on it but still she asked "What's the price of this thing?" to make the proprietor fancy she didn't want it much.

"Well, as times is hard, miss," answered the man, "I'll take thrupence. If I wasn't selling off quick to meet a bill o' mine, I couldn't do it."

"Thrupence!" cried the lady, looking at the "thing" with disgust; "I'll give you tuppence halfpenny; and she put it down as if she didn't care whether she bought or not."

"Wouldn't pay for the gold on it, ma'am," answered the man. "Sold one to the Emperor of Japan a year ago, for double the money."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" thought Kitty; "I wish she would make haste." The old lady tried to look as if she was going away in a hurry. The man knew better, though; and, true enough, she put her hand round the side of the stall, and cried "Twopence three-farthings."

"If it only wanted five minutes to the end of the world I couldn't do it, miss," answered the man coolly.

"Give it here, then," she said snappishly, and don't 'mise' me."

Kitty's heart beat like a watch as she entered the tent. The proprietor was a very imposing man, and wore a beautiful red-striped satin waistcoat, with his shirt-collar a la poete, and his silk neck-tie passed through a gold ring. He was immensely stout, and, as the day was warm, his face looked shiny, as if it had been varnished, and every minute or two he would rub his bald head with his handkerchief, till it shone like cream-laid note paper. As he spoke his chin would work like the leather of a blacksmith's bellows. He stood looking at Kitty, as if waiting to know her business.

"If you please, sir," she said timidly, and pointing to the placard in front, "I've come to know if you will give me some work to do?"

"What?" said the gentleman frowning, till the fat creases in his forehead all puckered together.

"Some work at artificial flower-making," continued Kitty, growing pale.

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted the proprietor, clapping his thigh. "Here, 'Lizer, here!" and he lifted up a part of the canvass at the back. A sound of hissing and a smell of sausages came rushing through the opening. "Here, 'Lizer; here—quick!"

A lady, very much freckled, and with her gown pinned up and showing the lining, came hurrying into the shop. A fork was in her hand, and she carried a considerable quantity of their floral stock-in-trade arranged in her cap.

"Here, 'Lizer; here!" a girl as wants you to give her some flowers to make."

And he roared again, stamping like a Scotch washerwoman. "Oh! oh! oh! ha! ha! I ain't she beautiful green? Aint it refreshing to see 'Lizer? Hang me! she don't knock Highgate clean out of the field, she's so jolly weerdant!"

The poor child didn't know what to make of the gentleman's manner.

"I thought that, as you wanted five hundred hands directly, you wouldn't?"

"Stop her! stop her mouth!" roared the man; "for Heaven's sake, stop her mouth! She'll kill me, she will! Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!"

And, indeed, the gentleman's face was getting so red, and his eyes had disappeared behind his cheeks so mysteriously, that Kitty, fearing he might go off rather suddenly, became silent of her own accord.

After a moment or two, he was all right again, and toned down to his natural color.

To tell the truth, the placard was, after all, nothing more than what is called in the language of spirited tradesmen "a blind, to draw people." The proprietor wished to be thought in a very large way of business, and imagined that nothing would convey that notion so well as the idea of his being in want of "five hundred hands directly." He had first tried it at York, and it had answered so well, that he had since used it at every town he stopped at. Little Kitty was the first one that had ever believed it to be true; for, as the gentleman never stayed longer than two or three days in a town at one time, it had been very well argued that the wages would be too small to pay for travelling expenses.

At last, the woman, having told "Hercule to be quiet!" (as they were from Paris, she used a French name), turned to Kitty, "You're too late, my dear; we've engaged all we want."

The girl's hand dropped in despair, as she heard the words.

"If you had any work—needlework, ma'am, I should be very glad to do it."

Hercule roared out again: "Oh! she's too weerdant to look at. She hurts the eyes, she do. You might lay her down in grass plots, you might."

Kitty could not understand it at all. Why should the man laugh at her? It was very cruel of him, and she was nearly crying.

"No, my dear, I've got nothing for you," and, as the child yet stood still, she added, "There you can go, my dear."

Do you know of any one—that would—I've a good character, ma'am—that wants any work done?" stammered out Kitty, as a last resource.

Turning to her husband, the woman said, "There's no harm trying Mrs. Lucas; she may want a girl, and it aint far for."

"Oh! I don't mind the distance, ma'am," cried Kitty joyfully, and brightening up with the prospect of success.

So the conference ended. The address was given; and the weaver's daughter ran off as fast as she could, afraid that her father might miss her. She was not quite so full of hope as she had been, but still she did not despair.

Mrs. Lucas lived in Whitechapel. She worked for a cheap tailor's in the neighborhood, and had so much to do for them, that she employed no less than eight girls under her. This was her plan of doing business:—Perhaps she would have half a dozen dress waistcoats given to her at the shop, the pay being one shilling and sixpence each. She would take them home and set her "gals" as she called them, to work—their pay being ninepence each. Very often, in the summer season, shirts were in brisk demand. Perhaps Mrs. Lucas would have a gross given to her to get made, her pay being twopence each shirt. She would again take them home, and away her "gals" would go stitching and stitching, their pay being three farthings each shirt. Brown holland blouses, shooting-jackets, fancy trousers—Mrs. Lucas didn't care what she had to do—her "gals" were always ready at six in the morning, and, with a cup of tea, could manage very well till twelve at night. So Mrs. Lucas, with her "gals" at home and her "gals" out, could make her two or three pounds a week, without doing a stitch of work herself; and the "gals" themselves about four, or—if they worked hard—five shillings each. Some of the poor things used to board and lodge with Mrs. Lucas. She only charged them four shillings a week; so that, at the end of the week, perhaps they would have a sixpence left to clothe them with. The boards slept four in a bed, and used to grumble at having bread and coffee only twice a day; with, perhaps, potatoes and a little cheese for dinner; but, as Mrs. Lucas said, there was no satisfying such creatures; adding, that when she was young, "things were very different." From all accounts, it appears she spoke the truth. And, yet, it was extraordinary these poor wretched girls stayed with her. If they were so miserably treated, why didn't they go? Ah! poor souls, they could not. There was a chain—a cruel, gripping chain—that kept them to their servitude: they were bound by the safe fetters of want. To leave her was starvation for a week at least, whilst they sought after fresh work; and they had too little flesh on their bones to endure it.

Mrs. Lucas was a Jewess. She attended the synagogue like a devout woman, and had the reputation for great zeal among her sect. There are many Christians who gain an honest livelihood by the same fearful trade, who haven't missed morning and evening service ever since they were in the business.

It is not heart-slacking to find a woman living in the very flesh and blood of her own woe, to whom nature had given impulses so quick, feelings so tender and easily moved, that to see suffering must be to wish to relieve it.

How long must the eye have gazed on wretchedness, that misery should lose its only defence—its appeal to pity? How many blessings have been thrown aside before the heart can see untouched the face grow paler, the form more wasted, and the eye more glazed as day, succeeds day? Had the same cruel perseverance—that, rebelling against nature, has at last strangled all virtuous impulse in the breast—been used to foster and mature the nobler promptings of the soul, it would have raised to itself a monument of glory in the remembrance of the good deeds it had worked.

Kitty soon found Mrs. Lucas's abode. She scrambled up a dark pair of broken stairs, tumbling so often and making such a noise that at last a door at the top of the house was opened, and a voice shouted out "Who's there?" By the light that the opening afforded the girl ran up as nimbly as she could.

"Who's there?" she asked; and, "can't you speak?" But, as the owner of the voice saw the young girl, she pretty well guessed her errand.

In a small room were four women working with the needle. One of them was quite a young thing, with light flaxen hair that hung down, as she worked, in rich full curls. She was seated on a bed making a gaudy-looking waistcoat, whilst the others were standing at the open window breathing the air. The floor was covered with cuttings of all colors, and the whole place reeked with the stench of cloth and coarse food. In the silence of the room you could hear the clicking of the needles as they seemed to keep time together at their work. The flaxen-haired girl was the only one that looked up, and her face was so pale and careworn, that Kitty at once felt a friendship for her. Mrs. Lucas was a broad, lusty-looking woman, with a plaid shawl over her shoulders, and tied behind, as if to show off her figure. She wore no cap, and, although, by the light of her face, she was fifty at least, still, her wavy hair was jet-black, and glossy with grease. At her ears swung two huge gold ear-rings; and her old silk gown, which was remarkable for a long skittle-shaped opening behind, was flounced to her knees; and in every fold of them was seen a light-brown dust, like Scotch rappee. There was a disagreeable expression in her face; her eyebrows were so thick and black, and her yellow skin looked damp and cold, like oiled-silk.

"Sit down tere, ma'ear," she said, pointing with a finger that had four rings on it to a chair. "So you wants some work. Ah! times ish pad—very pad times ish; shirts ish very vants. Tey'll soon wear high-pitched coats with black stocks and no shirts, like policemen, I know tery vill," and she shook her head affectingly. Then, as Kitty said nothing, she drew near to the fire, and putting her feet on the fender, displayed a pair of unlaced lavender boots that were guping in two or three places. "Can't we work very nicely, ma'ear? Vell, it's all right. I will give you a shooting-coat to make as a sham-ple. I shan't pay you for it, you know; put if the work ish good, you shall have some more, ma'ear."

Kitty readily assented. As she turned round for a moment, she saw the flaxen-haired girl was watching her intently.

"And what do you give for making a shooting-coat, ma'am?" asked Kitty, timidly, for she was afraid of offending her patroness.

"Y, ma'ear, ye gives a great deal of monish," said Mrs. Lucas, shaking her head, "a great deal. Some of ma' tere gals will earn—will earn—ah! a great deal of monish, won't you, Sorey?"

Sarah was standing at the window, and answered snappishly, "I shan't tell no lies, so it's no use trying."

This startled Kitty, and she looked wonderingly at Mrs. Lucas.

"He! he! he!" laughed the woman. "Vat a vit that Sorey ish. Eh! eh! vat a vit! Ah! it's all nothing to some of her shokes. Vill you come and work with me, ma'pet, or vill you work at home?"

"At home, if you please, ma'am."

"Ten I must have security, ma'ear. I never lets my work go out without security. Have yer got two pounds?"

"No ma'am, indeed not."

"Tat's a pad job, tat is! I always has security. Have you no friends, ma'ear? I always has two pounds."

Kitty assured her there was no possibility of her getting so large an amount, she was so poor. Mrs. Lucas seemed to be deeply moved on hearing this, and, promising her speedy wealth if she worked well, consented, at any rate, to trust her with one shooting-jacket, so as to see a specimen of her work.

The parcel was packed up, and Kitty took her departure. The lady seemed to have taken quite a fancy for her, she wished her good bye so often, and the child felt quite happy with her success.

She was very nearly at the bottom of the stairs when she heard some one behind her say in a whisper, "Stop, stop. I want to speak to you."

"What is it; have I forgotten anything?" asked Kitty.

It was the flaxen-haired girl that had followed her from the room.

"She will want you to come here and live. Don't! Say you won't!"

Kitty didn't understand her.

"Ah! don't trust her! don't trust her!" continued the poor thing excitedly. "She's fair enough now, but don't believe it. If she offers to lend you money, don't take it."

Kitty was only more and more perplexed; "What did it all mean?"

"Promise me, whispered the poor girl, taking the child's hand, 'Promise me you won't come and live here. You will repeat it if you do! What motive could I have in saying this? Promise me you won't come here!'"

"I live with my father, and couldn't answer Kitty, her voice shaking with fear."

"Thank God! thank God! I was trembling for you all the time you were in the room. Ah! you are too young yet." Then turning round, as if to hurry back, she added, "If she asks you if I spoke to you, say no. And the next moment she was hastening up-stairs again."

So bewildered she scarcely remembered where she was, Kitty made the best of her way to Tim Bradley's home.

CHAPTER V.

"Sm's a very long time gone," thought the old weaver, leaving off his work, and going to the window. He stretched his body half way out of the easement, and shading his eyes, looked up and down the street, but no Kitty. "I hope nothing's happened," he said, half aloud. He went to his work again, as if to allow himself no time for the thought. Three or four times he went to the window in this way, each time looking more earnestly, and closing it more sadly than before. But at last he heard the tramping on the stairs, and feeling as if a burden had been removed from him, he hurried to the door to open it.

In burst Kitty, her face all crumpled with smiles, carrying in her arms a poor little starved serious-looking baby, that she was fondling as if it had been a doll. After her came the tall, big-boned Tim Bradley, with a child in each arm; both of the young ones bashfully sucking a finger, while their eyes were as round and staring as an owl's.

Tim himself was a man of that peculiar style classified by the boys in the streets under the heads of "old monimints" and "old run-to-seeds." He was so prodigiously tall, that he almost invariably knocked his head against every doorway that he entered. In fact, from his great height, and his continual knocks, he had grown into the habit of walking as a man does in a steamboat-cabin—half bent up, as it were. He was a fine-looking rough-headed fellow; and, despite a head as long as a charity-boy's hair, was as handsome as a half-starved man can be. He was just the head that a painter would have dressed up in a drugged-looking cloak, and called the "Hermit" or the "Recluse," or something or other where a good deep-set expression of despair is wanted.

The young ones, too, were about as they were. Their little things as ever needed a wash. Their dirt-colored rag had slipped off their poor pointed shoulders till their little breasts were visible, with the bones forcing out the skin like the wicker-work of a doctor's cloth-covered basket. Their hair was as rough as that of a storm-beaten, common-few donkey, and was peculiar for radiating from the crown, star fashion. In fact they needed soap and water to make them look human, and food to make them look children.

Tim's costume was peculiar, too. His patched and dirt-stained tall-coat, which was pinned tight up to the chin, was sleeveless; but a pair of old blue worsted stockings served instead. A square paper cap covered his head, and a pair of worn-out carpet slippers protected his feet. Altogether, the father and children formed as sad a group as ever knocked at a workhouse door.

Old Lamere had been looking at the little ones more than at the father. They were so miserably clad and dirty, that it made his heart bleed. The serious baby almost brought tears into his eyes. He had gone up to it chuckling and chirruping, and had playfully dug his two fingers into its little cheek. When, to his horror, the two pits remained, the flesh was so dead. It seemed as if the old weaver was doing anything and everything to prevent Tim's thanking him. Even when the lad—for he was (the poor marry early)—at last, as if determined not to be balked out of his gratitude, went up to him, and, stretching out his hand, said, "Lamere, I owe you one for this," the white-haired old fellow scarcely behaved civilly, but hurried off to his Kitty to prepare their meal. But Tim understood it all.

As they sat in a circle, eating their bread and sipping their coffee, the question of domestic arrangements was mysteriously brought forward by Kitty. First of all, there was a good deal of whispering between her and her father, and she kept pointing from the curtain that hung before the mattress to the young ones, who were munching the crusts they held in their two hands as fast as monkeys do a cake. Then the old man would whisper in answer, and nod at Tim Bradley, who tried to look as if he was paying no attention at all to what was going on. Once, as a kind of feeler, he asked the poor fellow, as kindly as he could, "Whether he would move his bed in that night?" and when he was answered "That his sacks were coming," he nodded violently to Kitty, who nodded violently in answer, and so the matter was arranged.

"The world hasn't been treating you very well lately, eh, Tim?" asked the old man, as soon as Kitty had got to her seat again.

"Why, it hasn't been spoiling me with kindness," answered the lad, still eating; "I think I could have bore a wee bit more coaxing. As it were, little seemed to have took a spite agin me. If he had kept the game going a bit longer, I think he'd a won his point; I do, really. It was beginning to tell agin me dreadful. I had already a-left off sleeping, and that's one of his dodges, that is."

"Ah! we'll have better times yet; never despair!" said Lamere, trying to look knowing and prophetic.

"Well, it's a'most time, by gar it is," was the answer. "I've been a-running down the ladder till I've got to the last step. The next place you rest on is the grave. However, we'll try to mount up a bit now." And he seemed to brighten up at the thought.

After he had looked at the ceiling a bit, he began again:—

"Everything took a turn after my dear old help died. From that moment hope was buried with her. My arms was a-locked like, with these poor little uns a-twining round me. When she was gone, they a-clung to me so tight, I was a'most choked, like a oak with a vine up it. Baby, in particular, were worse than the cramp for a stopping-work."

At the mention of the baby, Kitty looked up, as if it concerned her, and said, "Indeed!" and looked at him inquiringly, as if anxious for further explanation.

Tim slipped a huge piece of crust into his mouth, and, with his cheek sticking out, went on:—"Why, the two big 'uns I could a'most manage with a talking to, and a-singing to, and a-sending them every five minutes to see what o'clock it was, until they were tired out. But that baby were a woman's job—entirely beyond me. Perhaps I'd put it down, asleep as I thought; but, at the very first move of the batten, it 'ud open its eyes and tune away desperate. It were no use my cluck-cluck-ing, or a-saying, as my poor wench used to, 'By-by, my chick-a-biddy.' It weren't to be hocussed, but 'ud shout like psalm-singing."

"Why didn't you put it out?" asked Lamere.

"Why! I tried a'most everywhere, but they a-wanted a'most more money to keep it than all on us had to live on; and, being a stranger to 'em, they were afraid o' my leaving it with 'em for good, you see. So they wouldn't. One day I was desperate, so I tied it on my shoulders with a blanket, gipsy fashion, and tried to work that way. But it were only bringing the din nearer to my ear, and a-letting it pull my hair worse than a fever; and I were at my wits' end. Then off I'd go a-walking up and down the room, and singing to it 'By-by, and a-telling a pack of lies to it about my having gone to get a hare-skin for it. By that means I might get an hour or two."

As he had all the talk to himself, he continued his story:—

"Dear, dear! I was sorely put to it. How to feed the child, I didn't know. At first I give it a bit of flannel to suck, soaked in gruel; but it would a-swallow it so tight, I a'most wanted a corkscrew to a-get it up again. Then Mrs. Larrey, as lived in our house, said, says she, 'Why don't you bung up the spout of the teapot, and give it that?' So I did, and got the big little ones to hold it to its mouth. For a whole week I don't think I slept more than an hour. As sure as ever I a-closed my eyes, off it 'ud go barking, and never cease till I was up walking the room with it, and a-tossin' it up like mad. Then I'd try a bit of shu-u-u-ing, and a-swinging it about as if I were moving, with the wind a-whistling round me like steam escaping, and a-cutting into my calves as if it were whiplcord. Perhaps, after an hour of exercise like that, I'd put it down as cunning as could be, a-flattering myself I'd done it that time. But no such luck; off it 'ud go again, shouting like 'stop tight!' till it 'ud wake the other two; and then they'd all three go at it like barrel-organs, whilst the lodgers over-head was keeping up a big-drum 'complainment with the poker. The only relief as ever I got was to light the candle, and set baby bang afore it, till it had stared itself blind a'most. Of course, with all this a-going on, how was a poor man to earn his living?"

"Ah, how indeed?" said the old man. "It was enough to try a Job, it was."

"Depend upon it, sir," returned Tim, "if the gentleman you speak of had a child in arms to carry about all day, I'd warrant he'd pretty soon have dropped it. Why, hang me, if the clothing of 'em aint worse than a Chinese puzzle; all their limbs is so wobbly, I was afeard to handle 'em. I never put their shoes on the whole time I nursed it; the feet was so puddy-like, I was afeard of 'em. Well, Mr. Lamere, just as if I hadn't trouble enough as my share, all of a sudden work gets slack, and I has a whole three-weeks' play-time. It's a queer saying, that 'play-time,' isn't it? as if a poor fellow was a rattling about, eating four dinners a day, and enjoying himself with Hampton Court vans seven times a week. Ah! our play-time is something like the frog's half holiday's—there's a good deal o' death in it."

"That's true, Tim, that's true; it's a queer play-time when there's no money at home, and the baker's lost faith."

"Well, I had three weeks of bitter suffering, I had. First of all the table went; then we eat the chairs one by one, and at last we was forced to make a meal out of the bed. Every morning I'd run up to the warehouse, and beg a'most with tears—beg for work, but still no luck; and so at the end of a fortnight the room was as bare, all ready for the next lodger. There I'd sit the whole day a-looking hard at the workhouse, till the little ones would wake me up, asking for bread. Ugh! and he shuddered at the remembrance of his suffering. "Heaven forgive me," continued the man, reusing himself, "the treats I used to promise the poor little things. 'Don't cry, Johnny,' I'd say, and I'll give you a lump of meat for dinner, and we'll have a pudden, and butter for our bread; so don't cry, Johnny, or you shan't have none." At first they used to believe me; but at last, even though I got up to venson, it used only to make them about the more, poor souls, as if it made the hunger worse. As I'm a Christian, we at last got to that state I could hear their little jaws a-snapping with their pangs."

"Poor little things! poor little things!" said the old weaver, patting the children on the head. Ah! I often thought, Tim, that if the ladies of this country knew what those that wore their silks and satins have suffered, the wiles have to be cut out 50 times and put in 60 times; we have to throw the shuttle 150 times; and the heavy batten has to be pushed 300 times—and for all this we get less than one penny farthing. It's grindstone work, and wears a man down to the back in quick time, it does."

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JACKSON, AFTER VANDERLYN.

In commemoration of the return of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, we present our readers with a splendid and most truthful portrait of the Hero. It is from Vanderlyn's celebrated picture, painted when the General was in the prime of life, and has always been regarded by his friends as the best portrait ever painted. The disposition of the hair is particularly fine, and gives great character to the face.

The old General's hair was very abundant, and rather coarse. Just before the battle of New Orleans he was asked, "what he would do if the British should defeat him?" He replied, "that if he thought a single hair of his head knew of his intention in case of such an event, he would pull it out."

NEW BOOKS.

PUNCH'S ALMANAC FOR 1886, Illustrated by John Leach and John Fennell. Just received, per steamer Pacific, and for sale, wholesale and retail, at CHARLES WILLIAMS'S Universal English and Foreign Newspaper Agency. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, No. 187 Fulton street, 2nd floor. 4-1-1

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Subscription Five Dollars per Year. LONDON PUNCH, subscription Five Dollars per Year. All other English and Continental Newspapers are supplied to subscribers in the city, or will be mailed to any part of the United States or Canada, from CHARLES WILLIAMS'S Universal English and Foreign Newspaper Agency, New York, Liverpool, and Belfast. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, Agent, 187 Fulton street (2nd floor), New York. CHARLES WILLIAMS, 19 South John street, Liverpool.

GREAT PICTORIAL WAR SHEET, showing all about Sebastopol, the Armies, Fleets, Forts, Encampments, Battle-fields, Inland, Malakoff, Portraits of Napoleon and the Commanders of the Armies, &c., &c. Price 12½ cents; size, 28 by 44 inches. By mail, post free, on receipt of price, 28 by 44 inches. JAMES & TOWNSEND, 123 Nassau street, N. Y., and 35 Clark street, Chicago. 22-12-3

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.—Just published by J. W. MOORE, 126 Chestnut street, opposite State House, a new edition of Walker's Handy Exercise, revised by "Craven," one of the best sporting writers in England. It has numerous illustrations, and in its present completeness is the best work of its class. There are few who will not derive many valuable hints from this volume—it should be in the hands of every boy and young man in this country. A sketch of Contents.—Walking, Running, Leaping, Skating, Swimming, Rowing, Sailing, Riding, Shooting, &c., &c., &c. 22-12-6

DR. HARE'S GREAT BOOK, SPIRITUALISM SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED, has already reached the fourth edition, and is creating a profound sensation among the thinking classes of the world. A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE. A poem of great merit, of about 400 pages, by THOMAS L. HARRIS, while in the trance state. Price, plain bound, \$1.40. Gilt, \$2. Postage 20 cents. Just published by PATRICK & BENTLEY, 242 Broadway, New York. 22-12-3

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW AND GAZETTE commences its seventh year and a new volume, in January, 1886. In calling attention to the Review, its publishers believe that they can present to the public no more satisfactory evidence of its excellence as a musical journal than is afforded in its constantly increasing success. It has now about three times as large a circulation as any other musical periodical in the world. Its receipts for subscribers during the last six months have been more than double those for the corresponding period of the year previous. By such flattering marks of approval, the publishers are incited to increased enterprise and exertion to add to the excellence of the Review. Prices amounting to three hundred dollars were recently offered by them for songs for its pages. Of the vast number sent in to compete for these prizes the best were selected by a competent committee, and are now in course of publication in the Review. When the publication is completed, the subscribers to the Review will decide by ballot which shall receive the prize. Besides a large amount of reading matter, including regular correspondence from the leading cities in the world, each number contains several pages of new music. The series of articles on Music Teaching, by Dr. Lowell Mason, is now in progress of publication. Another, by Geo. F. Root, Esq., on Cultivation of the Voice, Vocal Training, &c., will be commenced in the beginning of the new volume and the sixteenth, by William B. Bradbury, Esq., on the Improvement of Church Music. The New York Musical Review and Gazette is published fortnightly, at one dollar per annum, or six copies for five dollars, payable in advance. Specimen copies sent gratuitously. MASON BROTHERS, No. 7 York. 2-1-3

THE INDIAN FAIRY BOOK, FROM ORIGINAL LEGENDS. Illustrated by John McLennan. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1. Full gilt, gilt edges, \$1.60.

CONTENTS: 1. The celestial sisters. 2. The boy who set a snare for the sun. 3. Strong desire and the Red Sorcerer. 4. The wonderful exploits of Grasshopper. 5. Onso, or the son of the Evening Star. 6. Gray Eagle and his five brothers. 7. The good woman. 8. The origin of the world. 9. White Feather and the six plants. 10. The boy who was taken by a bear. 11. The magic bundle. 12. The Red Swan. 13. The man with his leg tied up. 14. The Little Spirit, or the boy man. 15. The enchanted meadow. 16. He of the little shell. 17. Manabito, the mischief maker. 18. Ledaia, the lost daughter. 19. The Winter Spirit. 20. The Fire Plume. 21. Weepigone and the Bone Dwarf. 22. The bird lever. 23. Bohowa the humpback. 24. The crane that crossed the river. 25. Wuhah, the father of Indian corn. We have here a collection of Indian fairy legends which equal in romantic interest and quaint extravagance of fancy the tales of nursery with which all are familiar, or even the most gorgeous and fanciful of Eastern stories.—New York Dispatch. The story of the celestial sisters, with which it opens, equals anything in this branch of literature, even the far famed tales of Eastern lands.—Cor. Boston Atlas. A collection of gems, gathered with exquisite taste, and set with the skill of a master.—Boston Atlas. Some of the stories are exceedingly queer, and others are as delicate and as graceful as the best Oriental legends.—Boston Post. It abounds in curious incidents and poetic fancy which mark the oral traditions of the Red Man.—Philadelphia Argus. The tales of the volume before us are not from the dreamy and voluptuous East, but from our own West—the land of the Indian, of rugged romance, of danger, and yet of beauty and enchantment. It will be read with delight.—Boston Post. Published by MASON BROTHERS, New York. 2-1-3

A VALUABLE BOOK GIVING AWAY.—Dr. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES UPON THE DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND THE LAWS OF LIFE. New York, Friday, Nov 20, 1885.

To the Editors of the Sunday Mercury: I have just issued a large edition of this book for substantially gratuitous distribution. It is now a work of 365 pages, handsomely bound in muslin, with 27 illustrations. In it is fully explained the system of practice by which I have been enabled to treat, with entire success, CONSUMPTION; ASTHMA; BRONCHITIS, and the various forms of Throat Disease, Catarrh in the Head and Throat, Palpitation and other Heart Diseases, Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and other Chronic Diseases. A full explanation is made in this volume of the treatment of Lung Diseases by Medicated Inhalation, as employed by me in combination with other remedies, and the pretensions of those who make claim to novelty in the treatment, are exposed. The New York Tribune says of this book: "We recommend this admirable volume to the attention of every Consumptive. The importance of the subject, the general presumption that Consumption is incurable, and our confidence in Dr. Fitch's positions that it may in most cases be cured, and in all prevented, derived from a personal knowledge and personal benefit in his suggestions induce us to do so." I will furnish this book to or for invalids at the nominal price of 35 cents, which is required to insure the good faith of the application. Apply to S. S. Fitch, 714 Broadway, New York, by letter, or personally. In the book are found directions for consultation with me, both by letter and personally. SPECIAL NOTICE.—I am not, and have not been recently absent from this city. There is no one practicing elsewhere, travelling, or located, who has any connection with me or any right to use my name. Beware of all who make any such announcements. S. S. Fitch, M.D., author of "Six Lectures," &c., Physician for Diseases of the Chest, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

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CONTENTS OF NO. IV. Arresting the Steamship Northern Light. Portrait of General Walker. Dr. Ballou's Church, 4th-ave., consecrated on Christmas day. Portrait of Dr. Ballou. Wreck of the Steamship Crescent City. Constructing the Prison, drawn from life. Group of Politicians in the Rotunda at Washington. Pierce and his Cabinet Discussing Central-American Affairs. Extraordinary fight with Fanatic Church. Laying the Foundation Stone of Trinity Church, Hoboken. Searching Persons Arrested at Police Stations. Reception of the Amoskeag Veterans at Jersey City Ferry, New York. Attack of the Spanish Schooner on the British wreckers. Gymnastic Institute. Laura Keane's Varieties—Opening Night. An Opinion "as is an Opinion." Side-Walk Traps. Eugene Dresser. Development of the Muscle of the Arm by Gymnastic Exercise; and all the Religious, Political, Theatrical, Musical, Literary, Police, Law and Sporting News of the Week. Chess by an experienced Editor.

CONTENTS OF NO. V. New Haven Murder.—Portrait of the Prophetess, drawn from life expressly for this paper. Portrait of a big game murderer, from a Daguerrotype by Hooper, taken in the jail, expressly for this paper. The House of the Prophetess New Haven. Interior of the Room where the murder was committed. The Prophetess in the Jail, drawn from life. Also beautiful Engravings of scenes in the Capitol at Washington, during the election of Speaker. Portrait of Col. French. Portrait of Mrs. Gaines, the heroine of the Great Will case. The ship Resolute. Scenes in Central America; numerous other beautiful Engravings, and all the news of the week.

NEW YORK JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART. An illustrated Magazine. Price 18¢ cents. Containing 64 large quarto pages of beautiful engravings and highly entertaining reading. CONTENTS OF NO. III, for January, 1886.

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Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.—It presents unquestionably the best Illustrated Newspaper ever attempted in this country. The enterprise is an honor to the country, and should meet with the patronage of the public generally.—Buffalo Courier, Dec. 5.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the title of a new paper, which is about to appear in New York. If it will be as meritorious as his GAZETTE and JOURNAL, it will be a fine thing, certain. We wish it all possible success.—Weekly Sentinel, Greenfield, Hancock Co., Ind., Dec. 13.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The first number of this new paper has been published and is for sale by Mr. Burrill, at his Periodical Depot. This is one of the handsomest Pictorials of the season. Among the most interesting of the pictures are two of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, and one of the Panoramas of the Great Southern Pacific Railroad. If this new paper is kept up in the fine artistic style of the first number, it must have a great run.—National Eagle, Claremont, N. H., Dec. 13.

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NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—Among the publishers of our country, whose energy and enterprise have acquired national reputation, Frank Leslie, of New York, stands pre-eminent, as all the readers of his GAZETTE OF FASHION, and his NEW YORK JOURNAL are aware. He has made arrangements for a new undertaking, the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, a specimen sheet of which is before us, and possesses the most attractive features. It is a newspaper after the style of the London Illustrated News, and gives the earliest intelligence of all passing events in the political, commercial, or artistic world.—Times, Smyrna.

New Illustrated Paper.—Frank Leslie, of New York, publisher of the "Gazette of Fashion" and "New York Journal," works of great merit and wide-spread popularity, will issue to-day the first number of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," which gives promise to be a formidable rival in the field now monopolized by "Ballou's Pictorial." A specimen sheet, now before us, shows that in point of typography and highly finished engravings, the new paper will leave nothing to be desired. The first number will contain five large illustrations of striking incidents in Dr. Kane's recent perilous Arctic Expedition, with numerous other engravings, and a variety of interesting literary and news items. The "Illustrated Newspaper" will be published weekly, in a large quarto form of 16 pages, and at 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, for ten cents a number, or \$2 a volume. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the United States.—Register, Norristown, Pa., Dec. 11.

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GAZETTE OF FASHIONS AND BEAU MONDE for January, No. 1, vol. 1, contains two splendid colored plates, double the size of any Fashion plate issued in this country or Europe; also the following beautiful engravings, viz:

- 6 Figures with walking dresses, and night robes, with head-dresses, bonnets, &c.
- 11 Engravings of the newest styles of bonnet, plain and colored.
- 1 do of morning, breakfast, and dress caps, beautifully colored.
- 4 Engravings of Collures of hair and Sewers.
- 5 do of cloaks for promenade.
- 1 do of Boy's dress.
- 1 do of Girl's do.
- 1 do of Head-dress of flowers.
- 2 do of an exquisite bridal wreath.
- 6 do of trimmings.
- 1 do of a Bouquet of the most costly silk.
- 1 do of a morning skirt.
- 4 do of Gentlemen's costume for January.
- 1 do Needlework, a cover for music stool.
- 1 do a border to music stool.
- 1 do a handkerchief border, full size.
- 1 do a pattern for a chemise.
- 1 do a cover of blotting book.
- 1 do a braided tobacco pouch.
- 1 do a working pattern to dress.

And instructions for the following articles, viz: Mohair cap, for morning wear. Flowers in crochet, the Narcissus. The Fleur de Lis.

Braided tobacco pouch. New piece of music, words by Mr. James Hemmonds, music by Mr. Henry C. Watson.

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JACKSON, AFTER VANDERLYN—BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS—(SEE PAGE 87.)